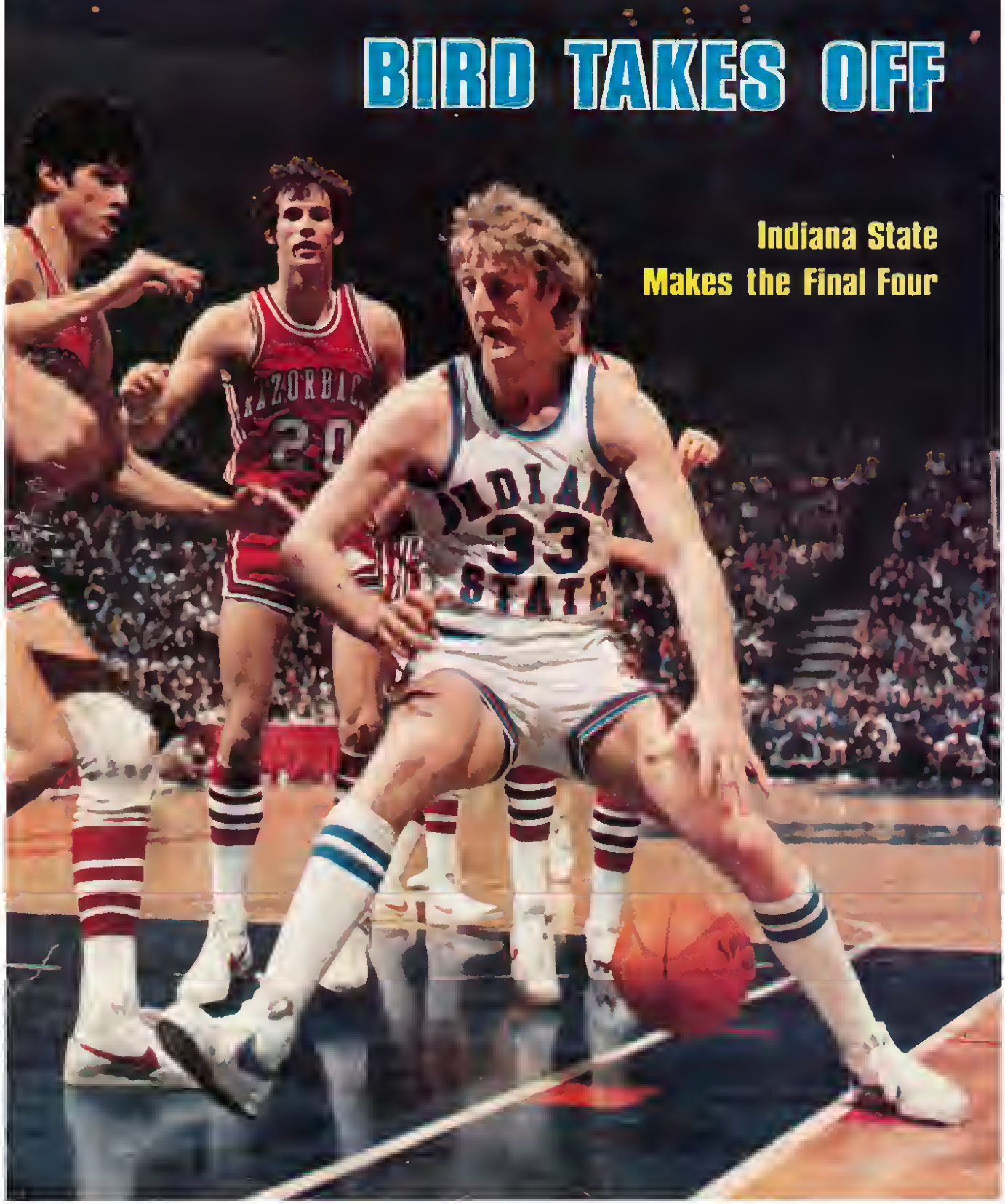
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BIRD TAKES OFF

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Standard equipment: 6 cylinder, fuel-injected engine, 5-speed overdrive transmission, power assisted 4-wheel disc brakes, power windows. Available with 4-speed overdrive automatic transmission, cruise control, sunroof.

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The new Toyota Celica Supra. The combination of power and pleasure is what makes it such an incredible driving experience.

To see the fuel injected, six cylinder Celica Supra just peek under the page on your left. To get the feel of its complete cockpit glory turn to the following page. The powerful pleasure. You got it. Toyota.

TURN THE PAGE TO GET INSIDE...

THE INCREDIBLE INSIDE STORY



Tha luxury bagins here. The full instrumentation is set in a panel that is thickly padded—not just tha top, but the entire surface. The instruments keap a constant pulsa on the Supre's six fuel-injectad cylinders. And every gauge and switch is placed for sarious driving.

The Supra is not just comfortable for two, but for four. A rather unique quality in itself. Just one look at this interior will probably bring you to the wrong conclusion. Very expensive. Wrong, because the Supra is a Toyota, and as such is built to delivar what you're asking for—more for your money.



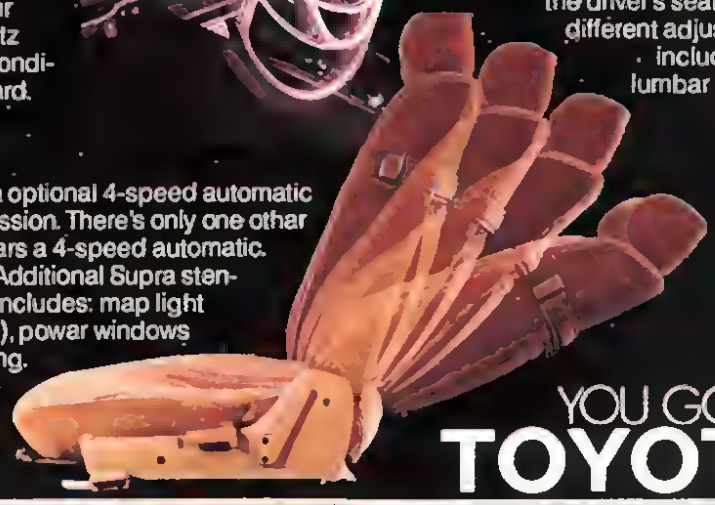
Everywhara you look tha standard, no extra cost equipment seams incredible. Lika above. AM/FM Stareo with four speakers, quartz clock, and air conditioning...standard.



Tha new Supra was built for you. With few exceptions, the Supra can fit you like a glove. Tha stearing whaal adjusts up or down, and the driver's seat has six different adjustments including the lumbar support.



Shown here is tha optional 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission. There's only one othar car make that offars a 4-speed automatic. It's a Mercedes. Additional Supra standerd equipment includes: map light (shown extended), powar windows and power steering. Again standard—no extra cost.



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Next Week

UNSPECTACULAR was the word for Spectacular Bid's performance in the Florida Derby, because of Jockey Ron Frenklin's hairy ride. Nonetheless, the kid is back on the Kentucky Derby favorite's back in the Flamingo at Hialeah. Bill Leggett reports.

THE CAPTAINS OUTRAGEOUS and their kooky crews set sail each springtime in a race called, variously, the Ensenada, the Enchilada and the Tequila Derby, in which, as Coles Phinizy relates, the victor gets the usual spoils, the loser a costly spittoon

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5 MILES A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

Mavis Lindgren had been subject to colds all her life. At two she had whooping cough, at 13 tuberculosis, and until middle age she was afflicted by chest colds that turned into pneumonia three times.

Then, at age 62, with her doctor's blessing, Mavis started running because she thought it would help her.

Obviously, it has. Now 71, Mavis says, "After I started running I never had another cold. I've been sick once in nine years. I had a real bad flu. I had it for three hours."



Mavis Lindgren and an estimated 10 million other joggers in America feel running keeps them healthy. It's something Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans believe in, too. We're convinced that people who exercise and stay fit help slow down the rise in health care costs.

Of course, there are other effective ways to fight rising costs besides asking you to stay fit. To do it, we've initiated many programs with doctors and hospitals.

Second surgical opinion, medical necessity programs, home care, health maintenance organizations, same-day surgery, pre-admission testing—these and other programs are being adopted by Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans all over the country to help keep costs in line.

We're encouraged. The average length of hospital stays for Blue Cross Plan subscribers under age 65 dropped by almost a day between 1968 and 1977. That may not sound like much. But if the length of stay were the same today as it was in 1968, we would be paying an additional $1,249,869,813 a year. In addition, the rate of hospital admissions for these subscribers dropped by 4.9%, representing $554,938,847.

But controlling health care costs without sacrificing quality is a tough problem. One we all have to work on together.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are actively promoting exercise, fitness and other health programs. Naturally, we'd like you to use common sense, see your doctor and don't overdo it at first.

But if you're concerned about high health care costs, do as Mavis Lindgren and millions of other Americans are doing.

Run away from them.

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Watch the first telecast of **The Boston Marathon**, made possible by a grant from the Blue Cross and Blue Shield Associations, Monday evening, April 16, on PBS. Check your local TV listing.

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Model	Type	Sugg. Retail Price*	Wow & Flutter (WRMS)	Rumble (DIN B)
SL-3200	Semi-auto	$160	0.03%	−75 dB
SL-3300	Automatic	$190	0.03%	−75 dB
SL-3350	Changer	$240	0.03%	−75 dB

*Technics recommended prices, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

And the reasons are just as impressive as they are simple: Technics frequency-generator, servo-controlled, direct-drive motor. With it, all three turntables not only give you just the slightest trace of wow and flutter and equally low rumble, they're also immune to load or line fluctuations.

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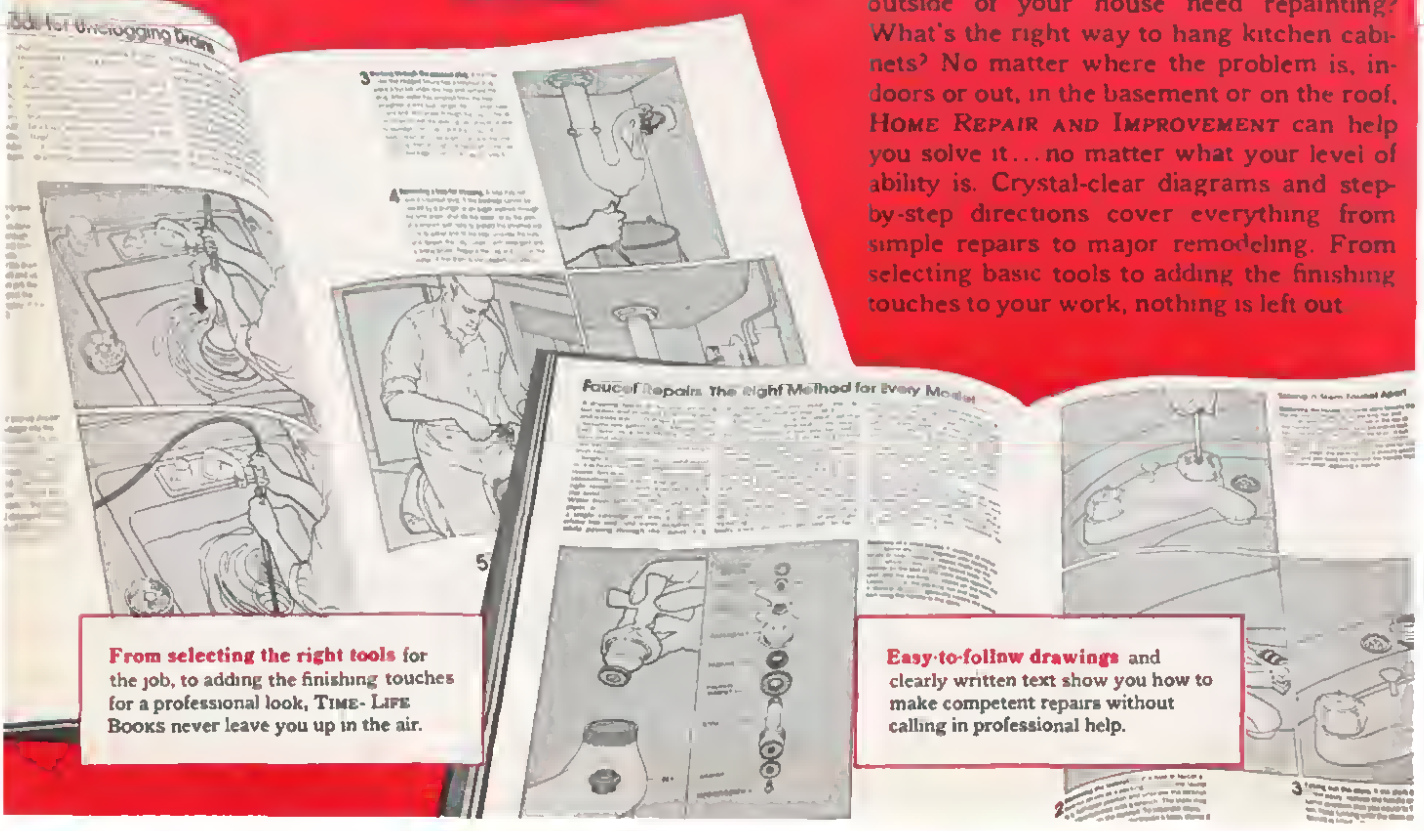
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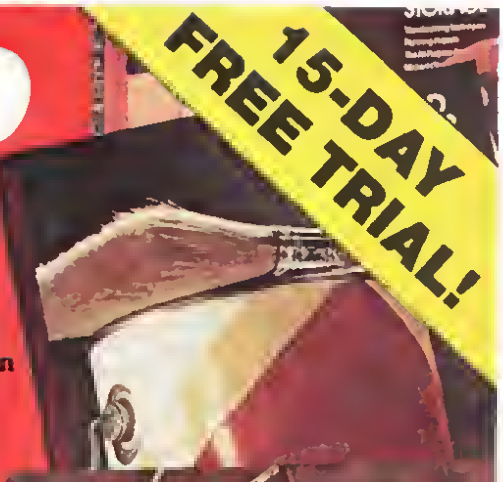
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

MARATHON TOT

Six-year-old Bucky Cox of Lawrence, Kans. is one of the cult figures of the running boom. Last summer Bucky set a record for 5-year-olds by running a marathon in Junction City, Kans. in 5:25:09, a race in which 32 older competitors dropped out because of 90°-plus heat. In the fall Bucky clocked 4:59:26 in the Mayor Daley Marathon in Chicago. To his fellow runners and to the ubiquitous TV crews that showed up to film his races, Bucky was proof that, yes, everybody is running these days.

Now Bucky is being recast by some people in almost Dickensian terms. *Runner's World* magazine says in its March issue that it will no longer publish records for marathoners under 12 "because of the extreme stresses, mental and physical, [the distance] places on a young child." The magazine buttresses its position with a guest editorial by Edward O'Connell, former president of the Road Runners Club of America, who expresses alarm over Bucky's training regimen and calls the nurturing of young marathoners "potentially a new form of child abuse." And in Bucky's hometown, University of Kansas Track Coach Bob Timmons has rejected the boy's application to run in the Kansas Relays next month. Noting that high school trackmen aren't allowed to race at distances greater than three miles, Timmons says, "I don't see how, logically, you can keep a high school runner out but let 6-year-old Bucky in."

Bucky's trainer, Ray Foster, a research associate in the university's Bureau of Child Research, practices "positive reinforcement" on Bucky, rewarding him with nickels. "Some people equate reinforcement with bribery," Foster says. "I would equate it with bribery if we pushed him to do it. But he has said he wants to race." However, when Bucky himself is asked whether he enjoys running, he replies: "Sometimes, and if I complain, I don't get my nickel."

Psychologists disagree about the emotional effects that a rigorous distance program might have on children. Physicians disagree about the possible consequences for the cardiovascular system. There is somewhat less disagreement on the potential hazards to bone development. Evidence on the phenomenon known as Little League elbow suggests that youngsters who throw too hard too soon risk injury, not only to muscles, but also to growing bones. Many physicians say that running a marathon poses similar dangers. One of them, Dr. Anthony Daly, the chairman of the AAU Sports Medicine Committee and a U.S. team doctor for the 1980 Olympics, says flatly, "Bones in young children are too soft and tender to be subjected to 26 miles of pounding."

HERE'S THE CALL AT HOME... OUT!

Like a lot of busy people these days, Chicago Cub Second Baseman Ted Sizemore leaves a recorded message for phone callers when he's not at home. Sizemore says on the recording, "It's the bottom of the ninth, the bases are loaded, there are two outs, and I'm up. Here's the pitch: there's a grounder to third, the throw is to first, and I'm out. That's right, I'm out. . . ."

REINCARNATION

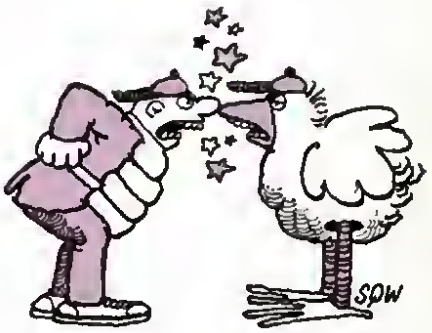
Remember Clark Graebner? Star of the 1968 U.S. Davis Cup team, national clay-court champion, a finalist at Forest Hills? Well, Graebner is now playing platform tennis. Last year Graebner and doubles partner Doug Russell reached the finals in five of seven tournaments, won two of them and were runners-up to Herb FitzGibbon and Hank Irvine in the overall standings. This season the pair has won four tournaments and will be top seed at this week's national championships in Scarsdale, N.Y.

Graebner is considered one of the game's best volleyers, and his return of service is something to behold. Even more gratifying is his behavior. In tennis, Graebner was known for throwing his racket and hitting balls at linesmen. In platform tennis, he is relatively mild-mannered. "It's not an emotional game for Clark," says his wife Patti. "It was something for him to take up when he stopped playing tennis regularly. But it's not his life."

FURRED & FEATHERED

Cheerleaders don't always dress the way they once did, as close students of the Dallas Cowgirls and their imitators well know. Now, that other stalwart of the sidelines, the costumed mascot, is dramatically altering its appearance, too. Mascots used to dress as wildcats, tigers, or whatever their teams happened to be called, but that was before such nicknames as Mariners, Astros and 76ers came into vogue. Obviously, something new in the way of mascots was needed. Hence a recent proliferation of furred and feathered creatures, seemingly inspired by *Sesame Street's* Big Bird.

The best known of these fanciful characters is Chicken Man, who wears a Day-Glo costume and clowns with fans at San



Diego Padre games. Introduced five years ago in a promotional stunt by radio station KGB in San Diego, Chicken Man has become a celebrity, as has Phillie Phanatic, a birdlike creature that made its bow in Philadelphia last summer. The Pittsburgh Pirates and Montreal Expos will introduce similar characters at next month's home openers, and the Philadelphia 76ers—the phenomenon is not confined to baseball—boast a month-old, slightly jive mascot that wears dark sunglasses. The 76er creature is being named in a contest that has already drawn 20,000 entrants.

The Phillie, Expo and 76er characters are all the handiwork of Manhattan toy designer Bonnie Erickson and her partner, Wayde Harrison. They are negotiating with other interested pro teams, and Harrison says, "The characters are

continued

succeeding because they're cute, nonthreatening, and appeal to all ages."

The new mascots are ideal for merchandising tie-ins; a Chicken Man doll and calendar are on the market, and *The Philadelphia Inquirer* runs a comic strip based on Phillie Phanatic. The characters also lend themselves to confrontations like the much-ballyhooed one that took place last season when Chicken Man accompanied the Padres into Veterans Stadium, where he cavorted throughout the game with Phillie Phanatic. Even Philadelphia's crusty manager, Danny Ozark, was impressed. As he said afterward, "It looked like a bleeping circus out there."

OLYMPIC THRUST

The late Avery Brundage believed that there was room in the Olympic movement for two Chinas—both the tiny one on Taiwan and the great big one on Asia's mainland. The People's Republic of China disagreed and in 1956 bolted the Olympics, vowing not to return until the Taiwanese were expelled. The world's most populous nation has been an Olympic exile ever since.

But Taiwan hasn't always had things its own way, either—especially lately. In 1976 Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, whose country had long since recognized and traded with mainland China, refused to let the Nationalists compete at the Montreal Olympics under their preferred name of Republic of China, and the Taiwanese went home. Since then, the mainland Chinese have been quietly eroding Taiwan's support in amateur sport, to the extent that 11 of the 26 international federations that make up the body of Olympic competition now recognize Communist China as the sole Chinese sports authority.

Ever since Peking began playing Mister Nice Guy to the West, a concerted Olympic thrust on its part has seemed likely. Two weeks ago, at the International Olympic Committee's headquarters in Lausanne, Sung Chung, secretary general of Peking's All-China Sports Federation, presented a petition to rejoin the Olympics to Lord Killanin, Brundage's successor as IOC president. Sung said his country wanted to compete at the 1980 Winter and Summer Olympics. His assistant, Ho Chen-ling, indicated support for a combined Chinese team—an idea Taiwan has previously rejected. "There is only one China," Ho said. "It is not a question of exclusion of Taiwan, but rather a choice before the IOC of what belongs to whom."

Surprisingly, Sung accepted Killanin's suggestion that officials from both Chinas meet and thrash out representational differences. Such a meeting would be the first acknowledged one between Nationalist and Communist Chinese since 1949. However, Shen Chia-ming, president of Taiwan's Olympic Committee, called the offer "an insidious trick."

It may well be a trick, and a clever one at that. The decision to talk now rests with Taiwan, which could wind up riding its high horse right out of international sport. The IOC will meet in Montevideo April 5, and Killanin makes no secret of his desire to get Communist China back into the Olympics. Last month Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing said that mainland China might wish to bid for the 1988 Games. Considering the scant interest that other nations have been showing in hosting the Olympics, that can only enhance its position in the eyes of the IOC.

LET'S PRETEND

Any lingering doubts that there is a certain compulsion among horseplayers were dispelled once and for all the other night at The Meadows, the harness track near Pittsburgh. In what amounted to an unplanned sociological experiment, parimutuel tickets were given away for the asking. That was the good part. The bad part was that winning tickets couldn't be cashed. Thus, the crowd of 5,000 was betting strictly for fun.

The surreal situation arose at the opening of a meeting at which the track was scheduled to unveil its new $1.56 million computerized digital wagering system. Just two hours before the first race, officials discovered that the tote board didn't work, forcing them to cancel betting. But they decided to go ahead with the nine-race program and to let patrons go through the motions of placing bets, thereby familiarizing everybody with the new system. All a bettor had to do was go to a window and tell the clerk how many tickets he wanted.

Although the tickets everybody was holding were worthless, to all outward appearances it was business as usual. Bettors exchanged hot tips. They cheered the favorites. They cursed the drivers. They watched the monitor. They talked about "getting even." They fretted when complicated bets held up lines at the windows. To be sure, many people who normally bet $2 were now "buying" $1,000 and $5,000 tickets. But not all of them, as this exchange suggests:

Bettor: Box the two, three, four, five, six and seven for me.

Clerk: How much?

Bettor: Two dollars. What do you think I am, rich?

LEFTY'S LAMENTS

The NCAA has a rule that no more than two teams from any conference can be selected for its basketball tournament, and some people don't like it. However, few critics have been quite as intemperate as Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell, who a few weeks ago talked about organizing a boycott of the NCAAs in protest. Admitting that Maryland had "a very tough road ahead" to reach the tournament, Driesell said at the time, "We've been gypped out of it before, and we might be gypped out of it again."

The boycott went nowhere, and as Driesell feared, Maryland didn't make it to the NCAAs. Instead, the Terrapins went to the NIT, where they were eliminated last week by Ohio State, 79–72. Afterward Driesell declared, "I don't want to make it sound like an alibi but I've said all along that the ACC tourney takes a lot out of your teams."

The Atlantic Coast Conference tournament *is* grueling, which may or may not be why Clemson and Virginia were also subsequently eliminated from the NIT, while North Carolina and Duke were upset in the NCAAs—all within a span of 36 hours. In any event, Driesell's postmortem did sound like an alibi. Big Ten teams also were drained, none more so than Ohio State, which had been tied for first place in the conference until it lost two games during the final week to drop to *fourth*. But, all things considered, Driesell's remarks after his NIT loss to Ohio State were restrained. At least he didn't say he was gypped.

THEY SAID IT

- Stan Morrison, retired University of the Pacific basketball coach: "If you hang in there long enough and grit your teeth hard enough, your orthodontist bill will go up."
- Bob Hope, after a round of golf with George Meany: "He plays just like a union man. He negotiates the final score."

END

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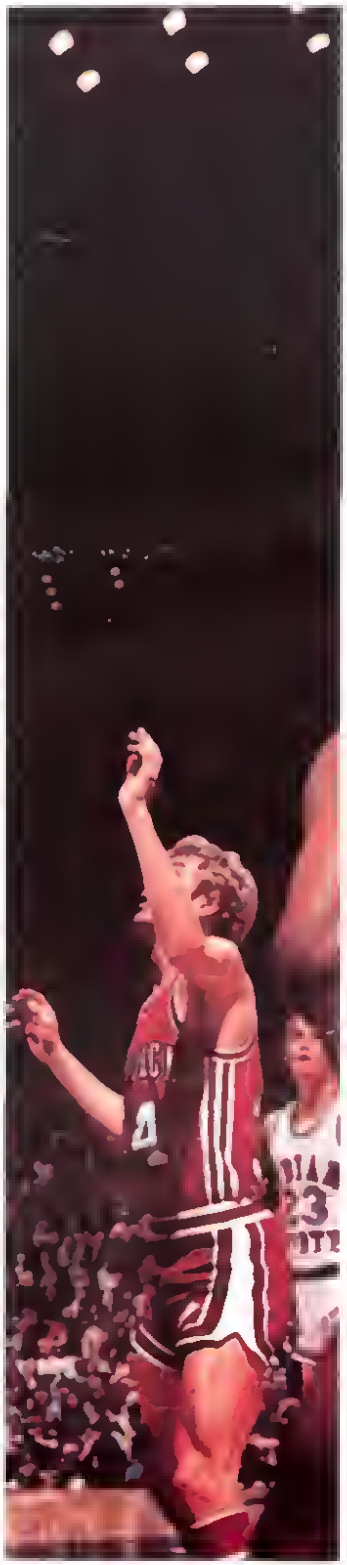
THE 1979 PONTIACS OUR BEST GET BETTER

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 26, 1979

AND FINALLY, THERE ARE FOUR



While one of the pre-tournament favorites, Michigan State, worked its Magic in the Mideast, three upstarts—Penn, DePaul and, most notably, still-unbeaten Indiana State—qualified for trips to Salt Lake City



Now that Larry Bird has shot, passed and tight-lipped his way to the NCAA final four in Salt Lake City, the tournament committee should tell the Mormon Tabernacle Choir to get ready. No matter what Bird and his Indiana State buddies do this week, there will be plenty of cause for a few verses of the *Hallelujah Chorus*. Sportswriters will be happy to say bye-bye, Birdie because they can't get one word out of him. Opposing coaches will be delighted, because they can't beat him. And the NBA will be overjoyed that Bird finally is ready to bring his game into the league.

Bird was his typical self—remarkable—last week as the Sycamores provided an affirmative answer to college basketball's most pressing question: Is Indiana State for real? On Thursday night, in the Midwest Regional semifinal in Cincinnati, the 6′ 9″ Bird's all-round game accounted for 29 points and five assists in a surprisingly easy 93–72 win over Oklahoma. He then scored 31 to lead the Sycamores to a 73–71 victory over Arkansas that, ironically, was decided on a shot that should have been hauled away on the garbage truck that Bird used to drive back home in French Lick, Ind.

So now the team from Terre Haute is only two victories away from completing a most improbable success story. Ordinarily, considering that Americans are suckers for underdogs and small towns, it would be hard for anyone to pull against Indiana State at Salt Lake City. But there will be some other teams there bidding just as hard for the nation's heart. Upstart DePaul surprised UCLA to earn the semifinal spot opposite Indiana State for Ray Meyer, their aged, beloved and unsung coach. And in the championship game, the Indiana State-DePaul survivor will have to solve either the Magic of the Mideast Regional winner, Michigan State, or the mystery of the surprising Eastern champ, Penn.

The Sycamores' Heaton, a righty, used this left-handed shot with seconds left to beat Arkansas

The Sycamores arrived in Cincinnati with something to prove to the skeptics among the nation's journalists and fans. The prevailing notion has been that while Bird is a great player, Indiana State had built its 30–0 record at the expense of a bunch of weak teams. In the semis, Indiana State figured to get a stiff test, at last, from Big Eight champ Oklahoma.

The game was close until Sooner Center Al Beal got a third foul with 7:43 to play in the first half. With Beal out, Bird led a spurt in which State turned a 33–30 deficit into a 45–37 halftime lead. In all, Beal played only 17 minutes before fouling out, which allowed the Sycamores to outrebound Oklahoma 50–22.

Across from the Indiana State bench, Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton munched popcorn and looked for Sycamore weaknesses he might be able to exploit. The Razorbacks and their jewel of a guard, Sidney Moncrief, had earned their way into the final with a 73–62 win over Louisville. The Cardinals were uninspired until the Hogs took a 17-point lead midway through the second half. Then, with head dunker Darrell Griffith on the bench and a madman named Roger Burkman in his place, Louisville woke up and used a press to lead 56–55 with 5:50 to go. Now it was time for Moncrief to take charge, and he scored seven of his game-high 27 points in the next three minutes. Steady again, Arkansas pulled away.

The morning of the final game, Sutton tried to digest Bird with his bacon and eggs-over-easy. "You're not going to stop him, but you can slow him down," he said. "Where he hurts you most is with his passing. He's the best passer for a big man I've ever seen. We're going to start Alan Zahn on him, but we'll put Moncrief on him after a while. Sidney should do a good job, except inside, where Bird's got five inches on him. When we have the ball, we're going to try to be patient. Their defense is good for five or six passes, but then they have a tendency to get unaggressive."

A few hours later Sutton was nervous-

continued

ly watching the end of what had been a beautiful game. His plan had worked at least well enough that the score was tied 71–71, and Arkansas had the ball. All the Hogs had to do was hold it until a few seconds remained and turn Moncrief loose. Once again he had been splendid, with 24 points and eight rebounds. But Moncrief never got the chance to win the game, because Arkansas turned the ball over with 1:08 to go.

Now it was Indiana's turn to hold for one shot. "We decided to try to get the ball to Larry," State Coach Bill Hodges said. "If he could get something, fine. If not, we'd have to take it to the other side and see what we could get."

Bird had scored 25 points in the first 27 minutes of play. Then Sutton decided it was time to put Moncrief on him. That created a tempting mismatch in height, but Indiana State smartly elected to take what Arkansas gave instead of trying to force the ball to Bird, who was rarely left open for an easy pass by the quick and tenacious Moncrief. Bird scored only six points down the stretch.

On the game's final play, Bird got the ball with some 11 seconds left. Moncrief was swarming all over him, however, so Bird passed to Guard Steve Reed, who went up as if to shoot. But because of defensive pressure, he abruptly dumped the ball off to Bob Heaton.

"I sort of lost the ball in the shuffle," said Heaton, a 6′ 5″ sub. "I was going to take it up with my right hand, but I was afraid of getting it blocked, so I just sort of threw it up with my left. I was hoping somebody would tip it in." The ball hit the rim and bounced around for what seemed an eternity. Finally, with :02 on the clock, it fell through.

Nobody knew what Bird thought about the day's events, because he again declined to meet the press. Well, perhaps genius doesn't have to explain itself. At least he took part in the celebration on the floor. As he walked off, the Sycamore fans chanted, "Ayyy-men, Ayyy-men, Ayyy-men, Ay-men, Ay-men." The Mormon Tabernacle Choir couldn't have done it better.

—WILLIAM F. REED

With Johnson barking orders and getting 25 assists, the Spartans had the last word in the Mideast



ONE PASSES AND THE OTHER DUNKS

In the tradition of famous sporting combinations—Tinker to Evers, Unitas to Berry and Beliveau to Geoffrion—Michigan State now offers Earvin Johnson to Gregory Kelser. Last Sunday afternoon, during the championship game of the Mideast Region in Indianapolis, those two made the plays that set up the 80–68 victory over Notre Dame and sent the Spartans laughing to the final four. "That's our offense," Guard Terry Donnelly said. "One passes and the other one dunks."

Of course, not all of Johnson's 13 assists were directed to Kelser, and Kelser got some of his 34 points completely on his own, but the two teamed up often enough to keep the game entirely under control. They were most devastating midway through the first half when Kelser scored seven straight baskets, four of them on passes from Johnson, to extend a three-point lead to nine. The Irish never got any closer than seven points the rest of the game.

Notre Dame got blown out because only Bill Hanzlik and Tracy Jackson could connect from outside, and Coach Digger Phelps was loath to test the Spartans inside. And the Irish had no defenders to match Kelser's quickness underneath or Johnson's flair on the perimeter.

Michigan State gave an early indication of what was to come when Kelser batted the opening tip to Johnson, who then flipped the ball over his head to Mike Brkovich, breaking for a dunk. "That set the pace for the game," Phelps said later. "It was an avalanche from there."

Kelser, a senior, and Johnson, a sophomore, have been burying teams for two seasons. Their specialty is the lob and dunk, which they executed thrice. "A little eye contact is all we need," Kelser says. "I know what he's looking for and he knows what I'm looking for."

The day before the game, Johnson gave Kelser some special incentive to do well by kidding him that UCLA's David Greenwood is a better dunker. Better

than Kelser? Why, Kelser, who is 6′ 7″, has been dunking since he was a 5′ 10″ 14-year-old. "I wasn't supposed to do it, but my first one was in a gym class during a layup drill," he recalls. "After I dunked, the coach made me do 10 push-ups, but I was so excited I wanted to get up and dunk it again." Kelser had six jams against the Irish, and nobody told him to do his push-ups.

Notre Dame and Michigan State got to the finals with wins Friday over Toledo (79–71) and Louisiana State (87–71), respectively. As is their custom, the Irish didn't beat Toledo until the 11th hour. The Spartans, however, had very little trouble with LSU. Tiger Coach Dale Brown hoped that his team could take an early lead and then freeze the ball the rest of the game. That strategy fizzled when Kelser intercepted two passes and raced for driving dunks. These buckets lifted the Spartans to a 7–5 lead, and they never looked back as Johnson scored 24 points and had 12 assists.

With the preliminaries out of the way, Notre Dame and Michigan State could concentrate on each other. Their collision in the regional final had been anticipated all season, because they had begun the year as the area's highest-ranked teams and each spent some time as the No. 1 club in the nation. State Coach Jud Heathcote established the essential difference between the two when he said, "Notre Dame goes at you with nine players, and we come back at you with two."

As the Irish have shown, sometimes nine players can be a disadvantage. Every game is a war of attrition for Notre Dame, which specializes in wearing opponents down, but by making so many lineup changes, the Irish often lack the consistency, cohesiveness and individual spark of other outstanding teams. "We dillydally in the first half," says Hanzlik, "and count on a spurt at the end."

Michigan State has never had that kind of luxury. The Spartans have relied on five men plus a sub and a half all year, and now, with Center Jay Vincent nursing a sore foot, they have no depth at all. Heathcote believes success is not a matter of how many but who and where. After losing four of six games in January, he moved the 6′ 8″ Johnson from guard to forward, brought Brkovich off the bench to play guard and dropped Ron Charles, who started in Vincent's place last week, back to sixth man. "I analyzed our club incorrectly at the start of the season," Heathcote says. "I thought Earvin could destroy people at guard, but I learned he needs the freedom of being able to set up inside and outside both."

Despite his redesignation as a forward, Johnson still handles the ball most of the time, and he is going to cause trouble no matter where he plays or who guards him. Notre Dame put its top defender, the 6′ 7″ Hanzlik, on Johnson, but the best defense may have been suggested by Kelser, who said, "If it were me, I'd say something about his mother and then hope he'd hit me and get ejected."

Johnson was not about to do anything as stupid as that against the Irish. After the Spartans' loss to Kentucky in last year's Mideast final, he wanted to win too much. "I don't think State will be back next year," he said. "Kelser is a senior, and as for me, I don't know what I'm going to do about the pros. So this is it. This is our chance right here."

As Notre Dame will long remember, they made the most of it. —LARRY KEITH



Thievery by defensive Demons like Bradshaw led to lots of layups and to DePaul's victory over UCLA

OUT WEST, DEPAUL HAD A BALL

For the first time since World War II, DePaul is in the final four of the NCAA tournament, and as if a wait of 36 years wasn't enough, the Blue Demons found their road to Salt Lake City to be the most rugged traveled by any of the four teams that will compete there. Because of the vagaries of the tournament selection process, they had to travel far from their Chicago home to play in Provo, Utah. They had to get by UCLA, not only the best shooting team (.555) in college basketball history, but also a team that had beaten them by 23 points in November. And, in an era when most good college teams use platoons of substitutes,

continued



After 36 years, Meyer is back in the semifinals

they had to rely on only five men.

DePaul's bench, you see, consists of seven fellows whose toughest chore seems to be standing up during time-outs so that the members of the Fatigued Five can take a seat. The subs also clap and cheer a lot, and occasionally pass a cup of water down to Coach Ray Meyer. Two reserves played a blink more than one minute last Saturday afternoon in BYU's vast Marriott Center as the DePaul starters shot, rebounded and stole their way to a shocking 17-point halftime lead, and then wearily hung on to edge the Bruins 95–91.

Meyer, 65, has been coaching the Demons for 37 seasons, and although he has once before gone to the NCAA semis, has won an NIT and last season guided DePaul to a 27–3 record, this one could turn out to be the happiest of all because of his Fatigued Five. Most of the publicity has gone to chubby Mark Aguirre, a good shooter—his regular-season scoring average of 24.1 led the nation's freshmen—who has gradually improved his rebounding and defense. Guards Gary Garland and Clyde Bradshaw, both from New Jersey, and Forward Curtis Watkins shoot well, too, and excel at swiping passes. Six-nine Center Jim Mitchem this season jumps three inches higher than last because he lifted weights.

Thursday night in Provo, DePaul had a tough time with old rival Marquette, which the Demons had beaten by a point in February. DePaul trailed in the first half by as many as nine and in the second half by eight, but fought back to win 62–56.

Many felt that the second game on Thursday, UCLA vs. USF, was going to decide the West's representative. The Bruins' weakest position by far, center, was precisely where the Dons had 7′ 1″ Bill Cartwright. UCLA trailed by two at halftime but buried the WCAC champions in the second half with a 73% shotmaking performance. Guard Brad Holland hit six of eight field-goal attempts, and his backcourt mate, Roy Hamilton, was nine for nine to finish with 36 points.

By racing to a 99–81 win over a very strong team, the Bruins looked as if they would streak right past DePaul, Indiana State, the Washington Bullets or anybody else foolish enough to challenge them as they went after their 11th NCAA title. The only man in Provo who seemed to think otherwise was Meyer. Before the game he telephoned some prize high school recruits back in the Midwest and told them to be sure to watch what was going to happen on TV.

It was well worth seeing. Time after time the Demons stole passes or poked them away. The inside play of UCLA All-America David Greenwood was all that kept the first half from being a total disaster for the Bruins, who trailed by those 17 points at intermission.

At the end of halftime the rudeness of the UCLA band lost any local crowd support the Bruins might have had. A BYU student troupe was still putting on a Spanish dance show when the Bruins returned from their locker room and their band began blasting fight songs, drowning out the Spanish music. From then on the game might as well have been played in DePaul's Alumni Hall on West Belden Avenue. In fact, as the score grew close in the late stages of the second half, the crowd's support of the Demons perhaps made the difference in the game.

Substituting freely, pressing full-court and trapping DePaul dribblers, UCLA ate away at the lead. The Demons used a four-corners attack—if attack is the word—because Meyer had directed them to pass the ball around for a minute on each possession before attempting a shot. His strategy, which turned out to be a good one by the barest of margins, was to prevent UCLA from running off a rapid succession of second-half points, a Bruin trademark this season. And because he couldn't afford to have any of his starters foul out, Meyer kept them in a zone defense, which Greenwood very nearly demolished. He finished with a career-high 37 points, many of them on two-handed dunks.

But UCLA had too much ground to make up. The Bruins got as close as two points and lost by four, as the Demons narrowly avoided living up to the ideals of Saint Vincent de Paul, the Apostle of Charity.

"This is the greatest thing that's ever happened to me," said Meyer, who may well be using the same line next month. Even if the Baron of Belden Avenue sees his team beaten in the semis or the final, there is still another thrill awaiting him this year. On April 30 he will get his own stained-glass panel in the Basketball Hall of Fame. Of course, he deserves it for his years of expert coaching, but they could've honored him on the basis of patience alone. —JOE JARES

FOR PENN, THE PRICE WAS RIGHT

It was a nice ceremony, sort of peaceful and dignified right up to the end, when Penn Guard James Salters stepped up to the free-throw line and finally laid St. John's to rest. Salters' two free throws with 23 seconds to play and the score tied gave the Quakers a 64–62 victory in the East Regional championship game at Greensboro, N.C. last Sunday. But say this much for the Redmen: they didn't die easy.

St. John's had been found face up and barely breathing a number of times before. It had to win nine of its last 11 games to get a surprise bid to the NCAA tournament, and during the early rounds the Redmen looked ready to expire before struggling back to beat Temple, Duke and Rutgers. But Penn was too much to overcome. The Quakers were quick, especially in the backcourt, and their forwards, Tony Price and Tim Smith, stabbed the ball into the basket from long range when needed. But more than anything else, Penn was smart. "They'd better be smart," said St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca. "Some-

day they'll be controlling our country."

Despite being from the Ivy League, the Quakers didn't acquire their reputation for braininess until they defeated North Carolina two weeks ago. Down in ACC territory, the locals assume that any team that beats one of their own must be doing it with something sneaky, like intelligence. This reputation for being cerebral instead of good will probably follow Penn all the way to Salt Lake City, but the Quakers insist they put their mortarboards on one leg at a time. "We've shown that we have the ability to play with anybody," says Salters. "We may be smart, but we make mistakes, too. When we beat a team, it's because we've outplayed them at basketball. Intelligence alone doesn't win games."

The Quakers needed all the guile they could summon to beat the Redmen. St. John's Forward Ron Plair had hit all nine of his shots, until his follow-up of Gordon Thomas' follow-up of Tom Calabrese's miss with 10 seconds remaining rattled harmlessly away. It was the last shot the Redmen would get. The 6′ 7″ Price, who played an otherwise impeccable game and finished with 21 points, missed a free throw with three seconds left, but St. John's was unable to get off another heave at the hoop.

Victory was almost more than Penn could dare ask for, though it certainly deserved its championship. When Sunday dawned and only six teams were still alive in the race for the national title, it was almost satisfaction enough for Pennsylvania and St. John's to find their names still on the list. The Redmen and the Quakers had not been considered exactly the roses of Eastern basketball this year; in fact, as the ninth and 10th seeds, respectively, in their region, they were, if anything, the lilies of the field. St. John's had been the last of the 40 teams invited by the tournament selection committee, and poor old Penn was having to put up with one indignity after another. At Thursday's semifinal games, for instance, vendors were selling Penn *State* buttons, though not a lot of them.

The reception that all four Eastern semifinalists received down in ACC country following Penn's upset of North Carolina and St. John's victory over Duke a week earlier was summed up by *The Greensboro Record* in a front-page story that called the invaders from the North, "These huns from Siberia." Without an area team left in the tournament, the 15,683-seat Coliseum didn't rock. It rolled over and played dead. There were only 9,102 fans there for Friday's games, and then things got bad. Because Sunday's game was televised nationally, the Coliseum P.A. announcer made a pitiful request to the crowd for some noise, and what he got was the sound of one hand clapping. When the attendance of 7,216 was announced, the crowd booed itself.

This, then, was the regional in which everyone—including the arena—was an underdog; in which brains triumphed over brawn, and in which St. John's Center Wayne McKoy proved that he was "not just another big slunk out there."

It had been McKoy, after all, who had gotten the Redmen into the title game by banking in a shot with five seconds to go for a 67–65 win over Rutgers. After trailing by 10 points in the first half, St. John's had won because Scarlet Knight Center James Bailey, who had put on a shooting clinic in the first half, scored two points during the final 17 minutes. For reasons known only to the Rutgers guards, Bailey seldom touched the ball in the second half, and when he did he was swallowed by St. John's zone, a defense Carnesecca, an ardent man-to-man man, had gone to in desperation.

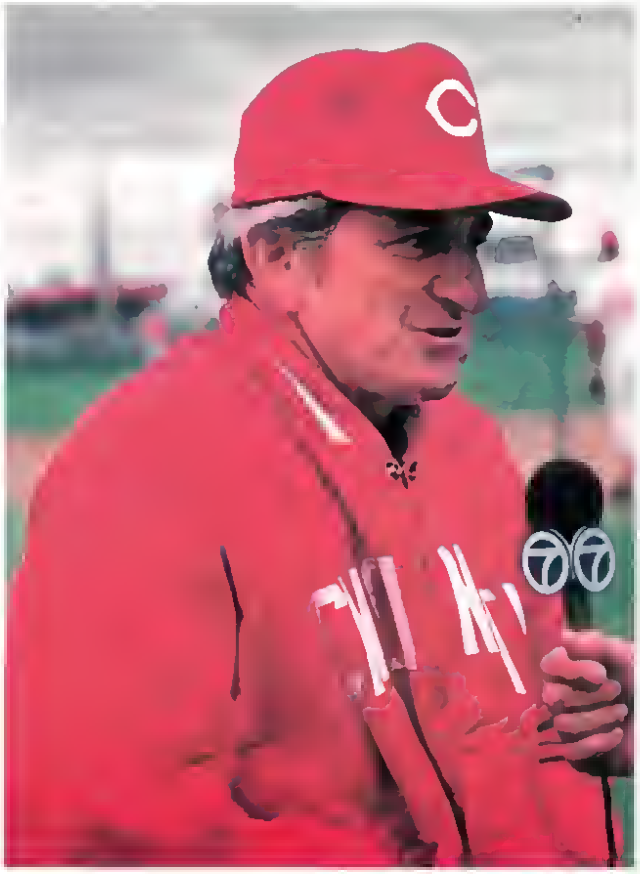
In the other semifinal, Penn, with Price scoring 20 points, made surprisingly easy work of Syracuse, which had become the overwhelming favorite to win the regional once the ACC had been dispatched. The Quakers were helped by a bizarre officiating error late in the second half. In the midst of an Orange rally that shaved a 17-point deficit to five, the refs didn't allow Penn to shoot what should have been a one-on-one free-throw opportunity. It was almost a minute later, when the Quakers were fouled again, that the officials realized their mistake and ruled it a "correctable error." Penn was thus awarded *four* foul shots, all of which were made to throttle the Syracuse comeback. "Penn didn't surprise me," said Syracuse Coach Jim Boeheim after losing 84–76. "I'm not from North Carolina. I know they're good."

Now Michigan State and perhaps Indiana State or DePaul will get a chance to find out if the Quakers are the best—or just the brightest. —BRUCE NEWMAN

Forty-one points by the Quakers' Price cost Syracuse and St. John's shots at the Eastern title



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE



THE BIG RED QUESTION MARK

Cincinnati is regrouping under its new maestro, John McNamara, but it is problematical if his aging band will march to the divisional title **by WILLIAM NACK**

Sparky Anderson, arms open and smiling nervously, turned to greet the parade of men in Cincinnati uniforms as they walked toward him at the Reds' spring training complex in Tampa. The former manager had been awake since 4 a.m., too anxious to sleep, wondering how he would feel and what it would be like to face his old players again. What it was like, happily, was a family reunion.

One by one he greeted them. Grabbing Manny Sarmiento's hand, he cried, "Oh, Manny, you look nice." Seeing Dave Concepcion, he held him by the shoulders "David, my son." He put an arm around Joe Morgan—"Joe, how are ya?"—and then he took Johnny Bench aside. "I thought *baseball* was stealing," said Sparky Anderson. "*This* work is criminal."

Well, almost. Anderson, fired last fall after nine years as manager of the Reds, was visiting the team in his role as a commentator for a Los Angeles TV station. The stop in Tampa was just another on his itinerary, but easily the most bizarre. Here was the man who last year was the winningest active manager in baseball, dressed in lime pants and white patent leather shoes, nodding and pointing a microphone at the nose of the man who had replaced him, John McNamara, who has never won so much as a divisional title in the major leagues. Twenty feet away stood the man who had fired Anderson, Dick Wagner. Spotting him, Anderson yelled, "Daddy Wags!" and ran over to shake his hand. All that was missing to make it Old Home Week was Pete Rose.

Managers are fired all the time, dropping in the fall like leaves, but no dismissal quite matches that of Anderson. After six seasons in which they won five divisional titles, four National League pennants and two World Series, the Reds spent the next two years struggling and floundering, and failing to win the National League West. In 1978, badly hampered by injuries to Morgan, Tom Seaver, Bench, Dan Driessen and Bill Bonham, they finished second to the Dodgers for the second straight year.

"I felt we lost our aggressiveness both offensively and defensively," Wagner says, explaining his decision to replace Anderson, who is second to Joe McCarthy in modern lifetime winning percentage. "We were careless, lackadaisical—things like not hitting the cut-off man, just not having the dash that goes with a club like the Reds. A manager can't play for his fellows, but he's got to work with his coaches and the players that lead the team to get the job done. I felt if we didn't do something we could have a disaster."

Wagner broke the news to Anderson on a November morning at the Marriott Hotel in Los Angeles, telling him, "I'm going to do the toughest thing I ever had to do in my life. We're not bringing you back." And as the clincher, Sparky's successor was to be his old friend McNamara.

The Sparky Anderson era had ended. And on came the amiable, soft-spoken McNamara, a 46-year-old former minor league catcher who had been managing in the minors or majors since 1959. He first came to the big leagues in 1969, replacing Hank Bauer at Oakland late in the season, and led the A's to a second-place finish in 1970. Charlie Finley then dismissed him. He coached at San Francisco for three seasons, then took over as manager of San Diego. In three full seasons under McNamara, the Padres never finished better than fourth, but Wagner felt that he had done a good job. "San Diego was an expansion team," Wagner says. "A very tough assignment." Ironically, in a poll of managers, Sparky Anderson picked him as the best manager in the league.



In his new role of television commentator, old manager Sparky Anderson talks to McNamara

In changing managers, Wagner was letting go a personable, gregarious skipper for one who managed much like Bob Lemon—in the key of utter low. But there were stylistic similarities between McNamara and Anderson. "John's no different from Sparky," says Reggie Jackson, who played under McNamara at Oakland. "Same mold, same type of guy. He was always letting you be your own guy, your own man. I liked him very much." McNamara says of himself that he is an open-door, come-in-at-any-time communicator.

One of the first things he communicated was the news to 26-year-old Ray Knight that he would be taking over for Rose at third base. "Somebody has to move over there," Knight says. "It's a great opportunity for me. It's something you dream of and hope for."

For Knight it has been eight years coming. He spent six years in the minors, four of them with Cincinnati's Triple A club in Indianapolis. In 1975, Knight's best year at Indianapolis, he hit .272, with 48 RBIs. He came to Cincinnati in 1977 as Rose's intended replacement, but was used only sparingly at various positions. In two full years Knight has 157 major league at bats; the first season he had 24 hits in 92 at bats (.261) and 13 RBIs. Last season he batted only 65 times, hitting .200 with four RBIs. Who knows?

If anything, his glove should keep him around. "A fine fielder, a better fielder than Rose," says Chief Bender, the Reds' vice-president in charge of player personnel. "He's quicker, has more range and a better arm." The Reds are not counting heavily on Knight's bat. "You don't replace Rose," Bender says. "We don't expect Knight to. Now it's up to Dan Driessen, Joe Morgan, Ken Griffey and Cesar Geronimo to pick up the slack and give us what they didn't give us last year."

Which was running, hitting and enough runs to give Los Angeles a real challenge. The Dodgers' final margin, 2½ games, is illusory. The Reds were 7½ back on Sept. 25. It appears now that last year's walking wounded are healthy again, but the questions linger. Can Driessen correct his swing and make it back from a .250 to a .300 year? Can Geronimo recover from his .226 disaster to hit .300 again? Griffey slumped last year. What of him? How long can a worn Bench wear? How vital was Rose to the Reds' winning—not so much at the plate, where the statistics speak for themselves, but in hustle and pizzazz? The pitching, outside of Seaver, is problematical. Bonham is coming off elbow surgery. Fred Norman started 31 games last year and didn't finish a single one.

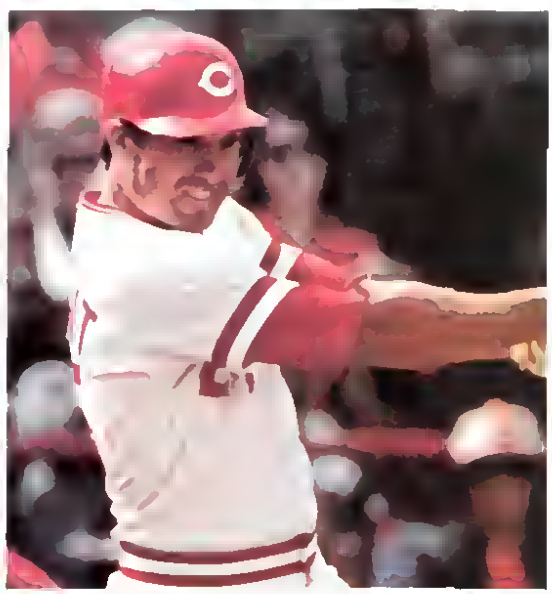
As the season nears, it does appear that the Reds will have their running game back. Morgan, who has had three 60-steal years, suffered a pulled abdominal muscle last spring and had only 19 stolen bases for the year. His batting average dropped to .236, from .280 and .320 the two years before. He has had no pain so far this spring. "I'll be running," he says.

Morgan himself raises a larger question. Where is this franchise going? Morgan is the heart of it, the prime mover of the Reds. The fortunes of the team have risen and fallen with his. In Morgan's two most successful years—1975, .327, 107 runs, 94 RBIs and 67 stolen bases; 1976, .320, 113 runs, 111 RBIs and 60 steals—the Reds won the championship, the pennant, the World Series, everything. But he will be 36 in September. Seaver, the only starter they can count on, will be 35 in November. Bench, who has been catching in the majors since he was 19, has caught 1,500 games. At 31 he's an old catcher.

The Reds are a team on the wane, in part because of their refusal to recognize changes in the way the game is now played off the field. In the first two years of the re-entry draft, they disdainfully declined to draft anyone, much less sign anyone. They viewed the draft as the ruination of baseball. Pitcher Don Gullett left the Reds through free-agentry. Last year they drafted Tommy John but didn't get him—though he actually preferred Cincinnati to New York—because the Reds wouldn't guarantee his contract.

Lee Lacy, who played for L.A. last year, was chosen by Cincinnati in the re-entry draft but the Reds couldn't sign him and he ended up in Pittsburgh. They've still signed no one from the re-entry draft. And they have lost Pete Rose.

But Sparky Anderson doesn't have to worry about all these things anymore. These days he just has to smile and stick a mike in front of baseball players' faces. Sometimes very familiar faces. It's a funny world. **END**



Ray Knight is no Rose when it comes to hitting

HEY, WHAT'S UP WITH THE DOC?

Have Julius Erving's skills diminished or is he the victim of clogging defenses and his teammates' inept, selfish play?

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

There may be no more apt nickname in sport than "Dr. J." Combining the authority and competence inherent in a professional title with the easygoing familiarity of being called by the first letter of your Christian name, it perfectly identifies the essence of the man and the athlete. Dr. J—both moniker and player—conveys sophistication, elegance, style, control. On the other hand, Dr. J is also descriptive of slam-bam playground ball. It is the ultimate accolade of the streets.

In addition, Dr. J stands out because there are hardly any other good nicknames around these days. Where have the Brown Bombers and the Stan the Mans and the Yogis and the Big Daddys gone? Why, obviously, to the corn bins of our thoroughly free-agented, billions-oriented marketing heaps to be replaced by the likes of Reg-gie and O.J., which aren't nicknames at all but, simply, *names*.

Ah, but Dr. J. At the dawning of the 1970s that was an appellation flexible enough for all elements of a society to sink their teeth into. So different, so delicious. And, what's more, not that many people saw him then. Dr. J wasn't in Madison Square Garden or the Polo Lounge or at the White House or on Merv Griffin. A phantom. A myth. A mystery man, Dr. J. The name fostered a legend long before the masses even knew what he looked like, much less realized what he could do with a basketball.

No wonder that when Julius Erving finally reached the big time in 1976 with the Philadelphia 76ers after five years of spectacular toil in the ABA suburbs of Virginia and Long Island, so much was expected of him, too much demanded. Past is prologue. It's important to remember this. It's important because where the man came from and how he got to be Dr. J explains better than anything else where the man is now and why he is merely Julius Erving—a 29-year-old, 6′ 6″, 205-pound, sore-kneed, struggling forward searching to find his place on a mediocre, second-place team.

"Julie used to take off and soar. I mean, really soar," says his former coach at Virginia, Al Bianchi. "And that's the sad part of seeing him now. The Doc can't fly no more."

"I can't play with a hatchet over my head every season," says Erving. "For no reason at all, sometimes I become a passive player. The total vibes aren't there anymore."

For the past several weeks the 76ers, playing mostly on the road, have sandwiched three- and five-game losing streaks around a few wins while careening toward the playoffs in a battle with Houston, Atlanta and New Jersey for the home-court advantage in the first-round mini-series. Atlanta? *New Jersey?* This is a far cry from the glories envisioned by 76ers owner Fitz Dixon and General Manager Pat Williams when they purchased Erving from the Nets so that he might join George McGinnis, Doug Collins, Lloyd Free and the other Sixer carnival acts and thereby ensure seven or eight NBA titles, not to mention guaranteed reservations in a palace on Darryl Dawkins' fantasy planet, Lovetron.

At the time of the merger Erving had led the then New York Nets to two ABA championships in three years and was considered the best and most exciting player in the game. Certainly his performance in the 1976 finals against the Denver Nuggets gave evidence of that. On defense, he helped contain the spectacular David Thompson, three times holding him below his season's average of 26.0. And he averaged 37.7 points in six games against the best defensive forward in either league, Bobby Jones. "Not for the points, but just for catching the ball that many times against Jones, Julius Erving should be in the Hall of Fame," Atlanta Coach Hubie Brown says.

Erving's dazzling talent—his game takeovers, his jukes and jams and especially his astonishing leaping, diving, midair stuff—was underscored by a rare ability to inspire his teammates to levels they couldn't achieve on their own. Bill Bradley had done this in college, Bill Russell in the pros, very few others anywhere. That was and is, says Bianchi, now an assistant coach at Phoenix, "the only mark of a superstar."

But in the NBA, Erving has never done this. In two years he has taken Philadelphia to the finals and semifinals. But this season, after a personnel shakeup in which McGinnis and Free were replaced by Jones and others, thus, in Pat Williams' words, "altering the texture, restructuring the team in Julius' image," the 76ers look as if they won't even make it to the semis.

Moreover, the team is depleted by injuries, confused on the court, floundering at the gate and grumbling again. Collins, the star guard, missed nearly eight weeks because of a bone-spur operation, all the while clashing with management over the seriousness of his injury. Both Williams and Coach Billy Cunningham are reported to be on the way out, either by decree of the impatient Dixon or of their own volition. The 76ers aren't getting the production they would like out of the third forward spot; until Collins' return last week, they had no capable big guard; and there is no immediate prospect of installing a matching gold earring in the 6′ 11½″, 480-pound Dawkins' other lobe, or whatever has to be done to make him into something other than a vast, laughable sideshow.

To expect Erving to rectify such a situation by himself would be about as preposterous as asking him to go one-on-one with the Ayatollah Khomeini.

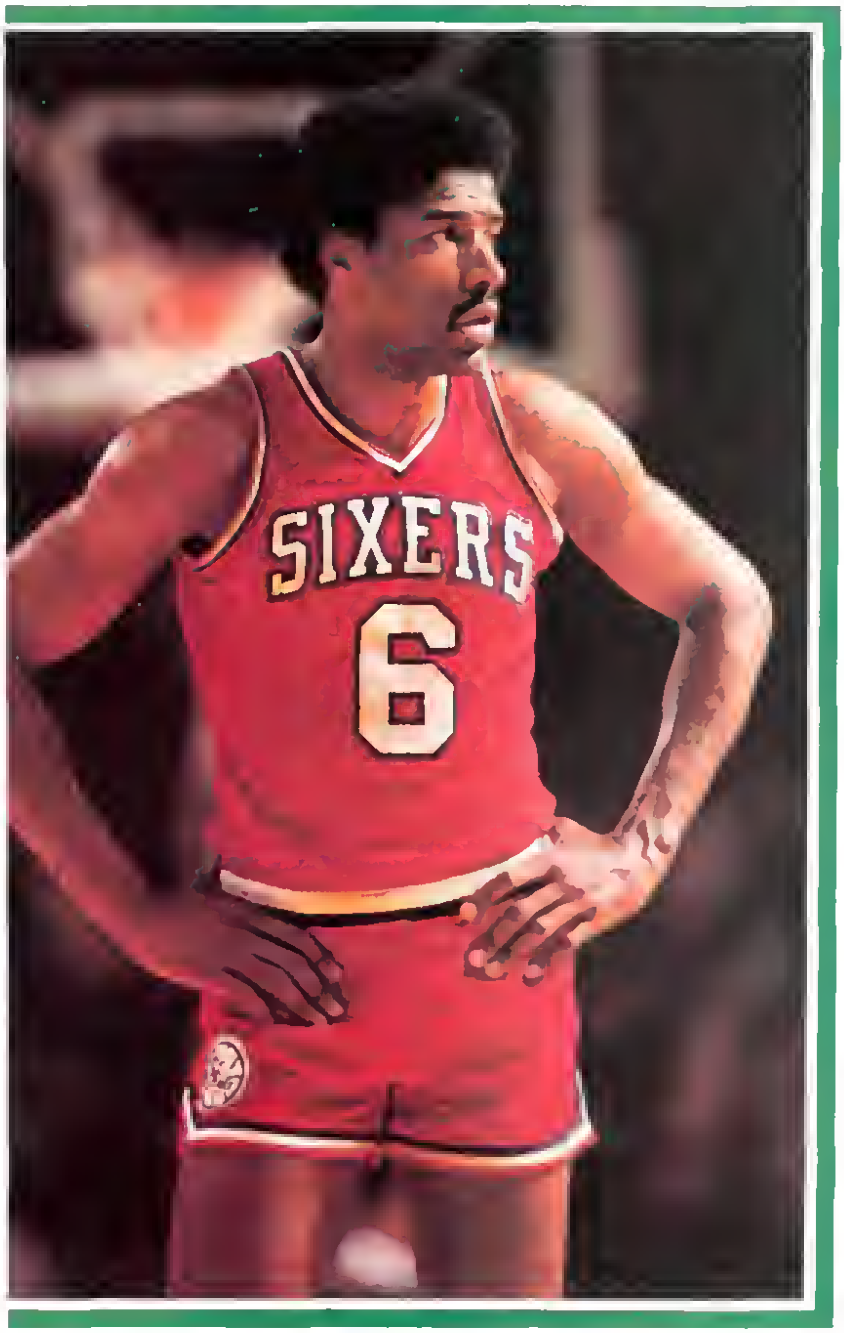
For one, Erving is just not the same player he was in the ABA. A comparison of his last two years with the Nets and his first two years in Philadelphia shows that Dr. J had 1,507 more points, 663 more rebounds, 310 more free throws, 300 more assists, 107 more

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

blocked shots and 99 more steals for the Nets. His five-year ABA scoring average of 28.5 is almost eight full points above his NBA average. Erving's 49% field-goal and 75% free-throw figures this season are nearly the lowest of his career.

These differences can be attributed to several factors other than the lingering fable of NBA superiority—an argument you might take up with Moses Malone, George Gervin, Maurice Lucas, McGinnis, Thompson, Jones or any of the other NBA all-stars Erving played with and against in the ABA.

First and foremost, at its best, Dr. J's game has always been one of refined speed, finesse and creativity and lightning movement in the open court when he elected to come down from the rafters and engage in man-to-man confrontations. What the pros call "breaking down" an opponent is something Erving could and still can do better than anyone. In the NBA, however, everybody doubles up on him, which is natural, but teams also pack defenders down low, clog the lanes and (sh, keep this a secret now) zone the bejeezus out of the Doctor. This makes it practically impossible for Erving to consistently drive to the hole for the swoop baskets by means of which he developed his Dr. J reputation. In addition, the NBA push-and-shove oxcart defensive philosophy severely cramps Erving's lateral style, turning him into just another jump shooter. And he's not a very good jump shooter.



Then, too, Erving has exhibited other glaring flaws, at least for a certifiable, all-universe player. In Philly he has been only an adequate rebounder. Although he is a good passer, he tends to dribble into traffic too much, breaking the team pattern or not concluding the play, and he sometimes winds up committing himself in the air and throwing the ball away. This has resulted in several eight- and nine-turnover horror shows.

It is on defense, however, that Dr. J is most vulnerable. His proclivity for becoming trapped in switches and for losing his own man while helping out others has caused him to be embarrassed by some very strange customers. Chicago's Ollie Johnson and Denver's Bob Wilkerson had big nights against Dr. J. Boston's Curtis Rowe, at the time averaging all of three points, rejuvenated his career with a midseason 17-point miracle, many of the points coming against Erving. And in a game in the Spectrum, Kansas City's Bob Nash came off the bench to score 18 of his 24 points against Erving, after which the Philadelphia press took off the gloves.

"Erving's defense seemed to consist of rushing frantically at Nash's waistband," wrote the *Inquirer's* Bill Livingston, "while the King [Nash] leaped on the baseline for unencumbered jumpers after which the Doctor would shout, in an excited gabble, 'Hey!' "

Erving admits to diminished capabilities in some areas. "I don't think I'm as good a rebounder as I was—but that comes from playing with two huge cen-

continued



Dr. J will be 32 when his contract expires in 1982 and he says by than he may have had enough

ters and being our shortest forward," he says. "I'm guilty of thinking they're going to get the board, then somebody on the other team gets it. I also don't gamble as much on the D. I don't have the steals and blocks I once did. But we have other people doing those jobs. Bobby Jones led Denver in steals and blocks, but now look. He can't do that here.

"On defense, let me point out that a player's weakness shows up mostly when there is no team defensive concept. Again, Bobby guards the people I guarded last year. When they got 25 off me, it was a headline. When it happens to Jones, he's had a 'bad night.'

"I think I'm weaker in the effectiveness of my total game. When I was with the Nets, my teammates got out of the way and I used things. It seems now if I go to use things, because I haven't used them enough, I get hurt. The wear and tear has taken its toll. It's a mental thing, too."

Despite this infrequent negativism, starting in late January Erving put together a marvelous string of eight games in which he averaged 29 points and shot more than 60%. He said it was "my best basketball in the NBA" and that he had "visions of our future potential." Unfortunately, he sprained his ankle on Feb. 9 against San Diego and hasn't really been the same since.

However, the fact that Erving has not taken it upon himself to lead, to direct, to do something about rescuing his team from its stagnant wasteland—be it by simply demanding the ball and scoring a bundle or by threatening to withdraw his magnetic presence from the scene—has been his most obvious failure.

Says one of Erving's staunchest fans, who also happens to be an NBA coach, "I don't know if it's the big contract, plain disgust, concern about his longevity or just that he's burnt out and can't do it nightly anymore, but Dr. J is not the player we once knew. The electricity isn't there. The truth is that—except for a few playoff games in '77 and the all-star games—the guy has been on vacation for three years. Somebody else has been masquerading as No. 6. On a consistent basis Julius has played to about 40%, tops, of the ability he showed in the ABA."

That may be a bit harsh since in any discussion of Erving's effect on a won-lost record, the variable of team cooperation cannot be emphasized enough. Dr. J's flash and overwhelming game domination in the golden days was made possible by his cohorts' intelligence, their willingness to respond and work hard, a learned ability to play *off* Erving's skills. There is considerable doubt that the 76ers of "Dunk you very much" Dawkins, "Jellybean" Bryant, Eric Money and their ilk—"those bubbleheads," one rival coach calls them—can ever exorcise their individual furies long enough to concentrate on the above.

The Doctor himself seems resigned to his fate. "What people don't understand is the apples to oranges context of this change I made," he says. "The situation was created on day one in Philly that I would not play my game. I mean here I was that very first week playing tough and going all out, playing *my game*, when Fred Carter said, 'Hey, easy man, you're working too hard.' Then I found out what he meant. In Philly when a man got hot and, you know, made three or four in a row, the defense didn't have to adjust to stop him because our own offense made an adjustment to stop him. *By not giving him the ball.* The first two years it was a ball-distribution thing—when it

continued

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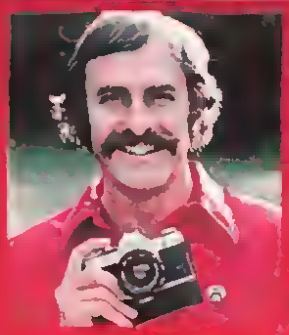


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was your time, you had to do it even if you were swarmed under. You did it then because you knew you wouldn't see the ball again for a long time.

"I got into terrible habits. Caldwell Jones said one day, 'Man, why you shooting with three men on you? I never saw you do that before.' I said, 'Did I do that?' For Caldwell to say that to me, I must have done it. But that's not the way I learned how to play. That's not my game. Now we've got another offense in here, but there's no direction, and the same things happen. I don't think it's conscious. People have just been *conditioned*. I'll get turned on, you know, really want it, then I suddenly stop. Guys start looking at you funny, like you're hogging the ball. So we do something else.

"The problem is we have no offensive identity. Seattle walks it up, so we walk it up. L.A. wants to run it and push it, so we do the same and get blown out. There is no time when we stop and say, O.K., this is *Philadelphia's* game, and we're going to play it. We always play the other people's game.

"Look, yes, I think about what might have been had I stayed with the Nets," Erving says. "But that's counterproductive. I was the primary guy there. I think we could have been contenders for years because what we lacked in talent we would have made up for with Kevin Loughery's innovativeness. It was fun in the huddles when all else failed and Kevin would say to me, 'It's time to do something.' And, you know, I would. But I refuse to be pressured into forcing myself to take over here. I'm a follower."

Erving says he has geared his investment portfolio and life-style so that in 1982, at the end of his current contract, he will be able to walk away from basketball. "The situation—my health, team personnel and morale, the state of the organization—would have to be very, very good for me to stay," he says. "I'll be 32, which might seem too young to retire. But I don't think so.

"I know the city is hungry for a championship. But I don't want anyone telling me I should be scoring 50 points a game unless we talk about that in the Philadelphia locker room. We don't."

And if the 76ers did?

"If we did," says Erving, "I'd go out and do it."

Well, Dr. J. Guess what? It's time to do something. Again. **END**

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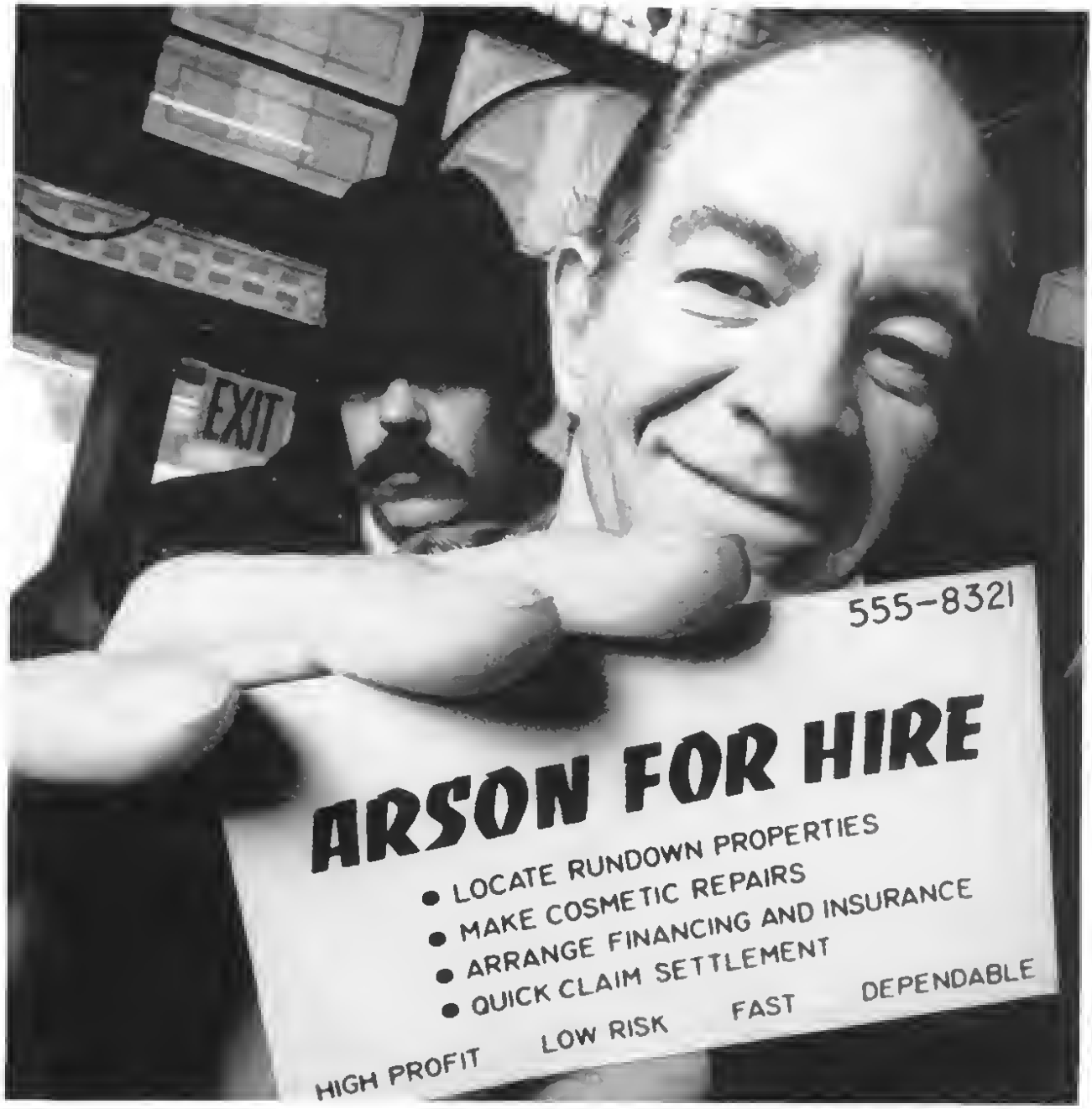
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[1] One result of this re classification—passed by Congress in October of last year—is that the FBI will publish statistics on the incidence of arson in every major city. This means increased public scrutiny and public outrage—at the rate of arson in this country, and *that* is an important precondition for action!

[2] These shocking statistics are from a 1977 study by the National Fire Protection Association. Of course, arson-for-profit is only part of the problem. Vandalism, arson-for-revenge and arson to cover up *another* crime also contribute to this loss.

[3] A little-known federal law with the name of "RICO" (short for the "Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act of 1970") gives the justice system the tools to charge, indict and convict members of arson conspiracies like the Tampa-based organization.

[4] To coordinate industry efforts with government agencies and neighborhood groups, the Insurance All-Industry Committee for Arson Control was established in 1978.

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"A couple of things at Zot's would be great. Grilled things."

"And don't forget the wet things," says Carol Seidler from the back seat.

These three are careening about the interior of Oldfield's 1972 Pontiac Grand Prix that you have to stick your finger through a greasy hole in the side to unlock. The car soars and whacks over the road back to the California coastal hills, escaping the flatland of Stanford University's stadium, where Oldfield and Maren Seidler have encouraged each other through three hours of training for their common calling, putting the shot. Oldfield's throw of 75 feet in 1975 is the longest in history with the standard 16-pound shot. Seidler is the American women's record holder with a throw of 62′ 3¼″ with the 4-kilogram (8.8 pounds) women's shot.

"I crave music," says Maren, switching on the radio. "Classical in the mornings, to awaken with clarity. Rock before training to really blast. Rhythm and blues at night."

Billy Joel cries out that only the good die young. On hearing this, Oldfield places an imaginary revolver to his temple, blows his brains out, and slumps over the wheel. The car drifts over the center line, then over the left shoulder. In a spray of gravel it comes to rest in the parking lot of the Alpine Inn Beer Garden, formerly named Rossotti's.

"Ah, Zot's," Carol Seidler says languidly. The tavern, which is a historical monument, has a 14-foot snakeskin on the wall, sloping floors and graffiti carved 3/16 of an inch deep in the tables. Its scale is somewhat larger than life, at least until Oldfield, too evil to die, leads the Seidlers within. Maren is the shortest of the trio at 6′ 2″.

Oldfield goes and gets the first schooners of beer. Thick, protein-rich sandwiches arrive and are eaten. Later a waiter comes to take away glasses, asking if that will be all.

"What, you think you won already?" says Oldfield. "We can drink more by accident than your best customers can with dedication."

"Uh-oh, Brian," says Carol. "I think you have a fan."

Oldfield looks up. Making her way toward the table is a freckled, smiling young woman wearing a faded logger's shirt that is so worn that its front doesn't hold together too well. Oldfield assumes an expression of joyful expectancy.

"Oh, God, Brian, don't encourage her," says Maren.

Instead, Oldfield intensifies his unctuous smile of welcome, but it slowly fades as it becomes clear that the girl is attracted by Maren's World Cup sweat shirt.

"Were you in *the Games*?" she asks with a tremor of anticipation.

"Yep," says Maren, suddenly edgy.

"Oh, that's wonderful. What did you do?"

"I'm a shotputter."

"Oh, that's *wonderful*," says the girl, but there is a pause while consternation almost causes her eyes to cross. "Is . . . is that with the pole?"

"No, it's with the cannonball."

"Oh . . . that's wonderful."

When the girl has gone, Maren sighs. "Female solidarity, isn't it heartening?" she says.

Maren Seidler is the best female shotputter in American history. At 27, she has won 15 national titles, indoors and out, and this past summer raised her own national record five times, starting at 56′ 7″. Yet for most Americans the presence of this large and powerful woman in their midst is less cause for praise than curiosity. Besides giggly displays in restaurants, people stop and gape at Seidler on the street (she knows because sometimes she spins to catch them in midgawk). Distilled, the most polite of their questions have to do with how a balanced and intelligent girl ever came to take up shotputting.

There is sense to such a question, because even a male athlete is expected to chalk up success, to define himself through whatever he loves to do, before about half the people he knows stop telling him to quit wasting his time. So for a female beginner in an event calling for muscle, and mass, and *grunting*, for God's sake, it must take a wondrous internal sureness to begin and persist and improve.

Or it takes a guide. Walt Seidler is 6′ 9″ and 265 pounds. When his two daughters—Maren, who is named after her maternal grandmother, and Carol, who now stands 6′ 3½″—were born a year and a half apart in Brooklyn, he

continued



soon knew they would be tall. "I did a work-up based on the theory that a baby girl at 18 months will measure one-half her adult height. They both seemed sure to make six feet. Maren got there before she was 13. I knew the world was cruel, that anyone who is different will be teased, so I did my best to counteract that at home. Height was something to be *proud* of."

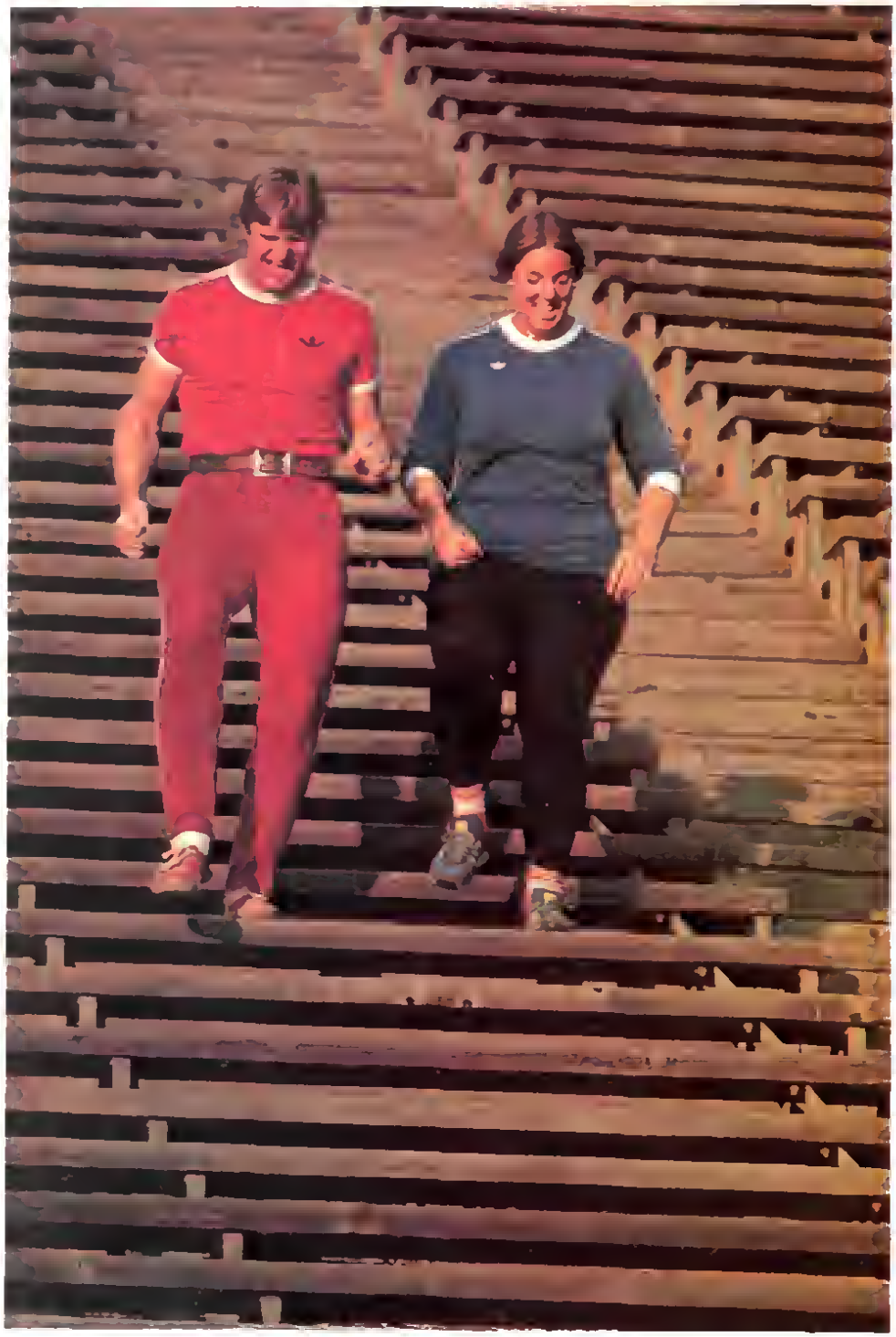
Walt Seidler encouraged his daughters to take up athletics to prove that length of limb has its advantages. Both girls swam, but Carol soon lost interest in athletics. "Carol is a natural athlete, but competition wasn't her bag. With Maren it took more work. And I sort of knew, with that swimming thing you kind of lost yourself in the pool. So one day in 1965 when Maren was 13, I said, 'You see this iron ball? I think with this you'll see all the countries of the world.' "

With her father as her coach, Maren Seidler broke the 12-13 age-group record for the six-pound shot by six feet in her first meet, putting 46′ 6″. Three years later she was in the Olympics, finishing 11th at Mexico City. "It all came so easily," she says now. "The rewards were nice, the travel, the friendships. It wasn't the satisfaction of doing it. It was what it got *me*." Rewards accrue to 11th-placers as well as to champions, so Seidler was moved to go on, but not too far up. "I was told I had great potential," she says, "but I had no direction. There were no real women's programs at colleges in 1969. Some California schools asked me to come, but I like Boston, so I went to Tufts, even though it had no women's track team."

Seidler, who majored in anthropology, turned to the shot only occasionally—a month or two before the national championships—and went on accumulating U.S.A. sweat suits and whirlwind visits to Leningrad, Paris, Tokyo and Dakar. In 1968 she won the shotput at the AAU championship by throwing 50′ 3¾″. At that time the world record of 61′ 3″ was held by Nadyezhda Chizhova of the Soviet Union. Ten years later, when the world record, held by Czechoslovakia's Helena Fibingerova, was 73′ 2¾″, Seidler had only reached 56′ 7″, a relative loss of 4′ 8½″. Her plight—winning year after year in the U.S., yet losing year after year by ever greater margins to Eastern Europeans—reflected the contrast between the two regions' social and scientific views of women.

"People's ideas about femininity crystallize when they're faced with the issue of lady shotputters," Seidler says.

Seidler remembers her childhood much as her father does, believing that he prepared her to let society's disparagement slide from her back. "I'm always asked for horror stories," she says. "Either I'm not easily shocked or I don't have any. People always say, 'You seem so happy with yourself,' as if I'm supposed to be a tormented individual, but I've always been comfortable being big. I've had to spend time talking about it way out of proportion



Seidler's new dedication to the shot has been abetted by the disenfranchised Brian Oldfield

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN McDERMOTT



Seidler and Oldfield often stop in the Alpine Inn Beer Garden to top off a workout at Stanford

to my concern about it, because so many people are interested in that aspect."

Relatively few people are emotionally drawn to the act of casting an iron ball out of a seven-foot circle. "Even if it's done well, not many spectators get much out of seeing it," says Seidler, "so they tend to attach things. Social questions. Politics. I'm a performer, and with a crowd behind me I respond and throw better. But I'm uncomfortable with 'You gonna beat that Russian lady?' "

Yet in saying this, Seidler, trained so happily to be herself, hesitates. "No matter what I tell you otherwise, I care about approval," she says, "about what people think. Carol and I prided ourselves on our independence. We said, 'We're different, but we like it this way and we don't give a rip what anyone says.' But maybe we did give a rip. For years when people would write about me and about my blue eyes, I would say, 'Why put that muck in?' But secretly I was pleased. So there must be an internal dichotomy at work here."

So it seems, and that would be interesting even if Seidler had only gone on putting 55 feet and collecting her plane tickets. But she didn't. After the September 1977 World Cup meet in Düsseldorf, she stayed on in Germany to train with Christian Gehrmann, adviser to Al Feuerbach, the former world-record holder in the shotput, and to Mac Wilkins, record holder in the discus, and coach of Eva Wilms, the former record holder in the pentathlon. "Christian was available, good, and had issued a standing invitation to come and be coached," Seidler says. "I'd had another blah year. I just finally got tired enough of the same old thing that I was either going to do it right or stop. I didn't want to stop, so I floated a loan from my father and went to Munich. My 10-year vacation was through."

Was it ever. In the finest Teutonic tradition, Gehrmann works with few athletes, but supervises them in exacting detail. "He said, 'Maren, expect you will be very down for the first six to eight weeks,' " Seidler says. "It was overload in everything. Tons of sets, tons of reps, lots of hard running. There were some mornings that it took 15 minutes to put my pants on. My lower back was sore. It took me a long time to sprint because of big knots in my thighs."

It was a crash program to turn Seidler into the complete athlete all fine shotputters need to be. As simply a strong and big woman, Seidler had been more the cliché of a shotputter than the actual fact of one. The best shotputters cannot be immense creatures. They would lose too much quickness and control. Feuerbach is 6′ 1″, 240 pounds. Oldfield is 6′ 4″, 255. Sumo wrestlers weigh a hundred pounds more. Fibingerova is 5′ 10½″, 198. Thus, in part, the demanding training was designed to pare 25 pounds of suet from Seidler. "I literally ran my butt off," she says. "Twice a week we had to do all-out 600- and 800-meter runs. I'd get going and feel so tired that I was sure if I didn't hold my form I'd fall on my face. Christian was amazed. 'Maren, this is very *good*,' he said." She recalls that moment with warmth. "The butterball could run."

"It sounds like drudgery," she continues. "It was drudgery, but I was sustained by Christian's *caring*." Seidler improved her time for 60 meters from 10.3 to 8.1. After four months she put the shot 60′ 1″. A month later she did 61′ 2¼″. "I wasn't a great deal stronger, but the difference was in my mobility. You have got to be able to control the body to put the shot."

Then last spring she came home to California, where she had been loosely based since 1973. On her first day back, Oldfield tried to go easy on her in a 60-yard dash, and Seidler beat him. "Would you just look at how that woman has rearranged her molecular structure," Oldfield said. "Rubenesque no more."

Maren and Carol lived on a hillside above the gleaming poison-oak thickets of Portola Valley, in the hills behind Stanford. In this serene place, Maren spoke of her decision to honestly discover her limits. "Linus van Pelt in *Peanuts* once said, in anguish, that there is no heavier burden than a 'great potential.' Amen. In school I got good grades without much effort, but I could have done so much better. Some of it was not wanting to accept the risk of not doing as well as it seemed I could. When I get encouraged to write [by members of the sports department of the *San Jose Mercury News*, where she is a copy person], I get paralyzed. What if it isn't good?"

The German training may have been the first time Seidler, a perceptive adult, had experienced the lesson that most athletes get knocked into them as children: if you go all out, the struggle takes on more meaning than the result. "There is a satisfaction in being the first American woman 60-footer," she says, "but the real satisfaction is very private and hard to talk about. It's having for the first time . . . taken the chance. It's made me giddy. It's made me open and ready to really enjoy this throwing, and a lot else."

There is something inconsistent about the best male shotputters, as if they have less than their share of the combative instincts of other big men. Dallas Long, the 1964 Olympic champion, quickly became a gentle dentist. Randy Matson, the first 70-footer, was too mild, many

continued

thought, to get the most out of his gifts Feuerbach is a poetic, inward man. And Oldfield.... There is where the pattern breaks, you say. Didn't the police in Galveston, Texas explain why they had come at him with drawn guns by saying, "Because nightsticks weren't having any effect"? Yes, they did, but a close study of Oldfield tends to reveal him as a man in a mask. The barroom brawler is a role perfectly played by a splendid character actor, a character that may have trapped Oldfield.

Last year Oldfield lived in a cabin far above the Seidlers on the crest of the mountain between the lower San Francisco Bay and the Pacific. He had been working as a furniture-store manager since the professional International Track Association, in whose meets he competed, folded in 1976.

One day, after the wet spring, several steers were standing up to their knees in the spongy pasture, their tails lying flat on the sod, as Oldfield stretched on his porch and spoke of Seidler's return. "She's new *energy*," he said, exultant. "People aren't ready for *strong* big women." He said he sensed a new ease between them, perhaps because Seidler's commitment to their craft now approached his own. As he talked he began to toss a stick for a neighbor dog, a rangy black Lab that has earned the name Echo for its willingness to bring things back.

As the dog retrieved the stick from increasing distances, Oldfield began to take an interest in the game. He broke down an oak branch as thick as an ankle. "I'm going to surprise the hell out of you, dog," he said, and threw the club completely over the pasture. For a moment it seemed the missile would carry to the distant bay—"the inferno," as Oldfield calls the cities below—before it dropped into a far clump of wild rose. As the dog worried it free, Oldfield remarked that his appeal to be reinstated as an amateur competitor had been denied, leaving him, the consummate thrower, with no place to throw.

The dog returned with the muddy branch clenched in his mouth. Oldfield sent him crashing down the hill once more. "Demented creature," he said, grinning. "I love it." He spoke of his plans for constructing a throwing area. "At Stanford we have to keep cool. The jogging classes laugh at shotputters because when you put the shot you grunt. But up here...."

The dog struggled back up the hill. Oldfield seized the branch and threw it 20 feet farther than before, into woods. "You can't keep this up!" he shouted after the racing animal.

"Up here," he went on, "we would be free. Free to put on our bikinis and grab our shots and try to punch that hole in the sky."

The dog crawled back up the flowered slope and, trembling, dropped the branch at Oldfield's feet.

"Once more," said Oldfield. He strapped on his sandals and calculated where his feet had to go, the heft of the chunk of muddy wood, then did his shotputter's spin, his own invention, and sent the branch shooting out low and whistling, the steers raising their heads, the dog panting after.

"God, I love to throw," Oldfield said.

Poised as they seem in the ring, elsewhere shotputters become out-sized outsiders, and therefore alert observers. They cleave to their own kind, whom they often refer to as Big People. With time and trust, however, it is possible to become an honorary Big Person for an evening. Such was a night at the Portola Inn,



where a friend of less imposing dimensions was invited to join in the feast of ribs, crab, lamb, steak, salad, rice, cottage fries and cheesecake.

Carol and Maren discussed their peripatetic childhood. When they were youngsters, Walt Seidler's construction business had taken them to New Jersey, Long Island, Georgia and back to New Jersey. "At one point we both went to P.S. 102 in Brooklyn," said Maren. "Which all the Westerners think is heartless—to give a school a number. California schools are all Skylark at First Dawn School, or Shady Oak Grove and Babbling Brook Free Junior High School."

"These are not Big People coffee cups," said Carol. "You can't get a finger through the hole of the handle."

"The world's weakest strongest man," Maren said fondly, nodding toward Oldfield, who, defeated by the ribs, was dozing. "I do think size has a lot to do with not being aggressive. Society won't accept that from Big People; it's too much, with a big body, to be aggressive. Big People are expected to be mellow. It's the only way we can be managed."

She mused on the variety of responses which size occasions. "Letters are funny. Most are positive in their kind of hysterical way, like 'How strong are you?' but some have the tone of a closet trip: one guy wanted to write what sounded like a pornographic weight-lifting book." These diverting missives seem to come in flurries, she said, following bursts of publicity. A stack arrived after a *Strength & Health* article. "It fabricated things, like my arm-wrestling men for drinks in bars, and there was the usual 'Gorgeous in an evening gown . . .' "

Oldfield came quickly upright in his chair. "I sure am glad I ain't a *girl*! Always having to primp and shave and worry about my figure. " As the Seidlers howled in delight, he returned to slumber.

"There was this little girl, maybe eight, who watched me lift weights in the San Jose Y," said Maren. "After I was done, this child came up to me and said, 'You're really *strong*,' in the most impressed, respectful way. I was startled that she had not by then learned it wasn't encouraged. I deduce from that that things are getting better."

"People's ideas about femininity crystallize when they're faced with lady shotputters,' says Seidler

Seidler won the 1978 AAU women's shotput by seven feet, saying, "I know very well why there are no American women challenging. We understand what it takes to be a good thrower. Sure we know you have to be strong and quick and explosive, but it's the *potential*, the kind of improvement that's possible with years of work, that we don't grasp. The U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. meet isn't competitive experience, it's just getting buried."

It used to be. But in the U.S.-Soviet meet in Berkeley last July, Seidler beat 1972 Olympic discus champion Faina Melnik-Veleva with her 59′ 9¾″, though she finished second to Svetlana Melnikova's 61 feet. "It was good, close competition," said Seidler. "For the first time, when I went into my last put, it mattered."

Seidler returned to Germany to train with Gehrmann, made her American-record put of 62′ 3¼″ there, then won at an eight-nation meet in Tokyo. Now she is back in California, living in a hillside home in Los Gatos. Asked if she could deal with *real* success, say 75 feet, she rolls her eyes in dismay. "Maybe you get used to it, the media glare," she says, shuddering. "Now Brian, it's wonderful for him. He wants attention. I just want to find my minor hole in the sky."

Soft winter grass grows up among the seats in Stanford's great earthen bowl of a stadium. Perhaps it is this that makes it a sound-absorbent place. It is hard to hear across as Oldfield and Seidler warm up with the Stanford track team. Seidler eventually stops jogging and stretching, puts the silver rings she is wearing in her warmup shoes and spends an hour throwing different weight shots, trotting purposefully after them.

Oldfield appears pained at Seidler's form, her slow deep bend at the knees before launching herself across the ring. He wants a shallower, quicker start, a snapping summation of forces. "It's just a dance step," he says, "and you're a hell of a dancer."

"You're right," she says. "I still use the form I developed from weakness. At least now I have a sense of what's right. I'm starting to think of myself as an athlete."

She does 60-meter sprints in 9.0, 8.9, 8.8. "I still don't much like running," she says, flushed, "but look, I'm getting little baby hamstrings."

She does standing long jumps, with Oldfield measuring each one. Seidler does 2.56 meters (8′ 4¾″). Then she turns to standing triple jumps, which call for balance as well as explosive leg power. She does 7.38 meters (24′ 1″).

Payton Jordan, the Stanford coach who was the 1968 Olympic head coach, strolls by. "How's it going, men?" he asks.

Seidler doesn't bat an eye. "Jumping well," she says.

As the shadows lengthen and the Stanford athletes drift away, Seidler begins to do five-hop series of frog leaps into the sand pit.

"My best for these is 12.80 meters," she says. "What will you give me for 12.85?"

"A nickel," Oldfield volunteers.

"That's inspiring."

"A beer on the way back."

"Lemme jump." Seidler lands well into the sand and grabs the steel tape measure. "Damn. 12.83."

"I think you're getting older," says Oldfield. "I speak from experience."

Her fourth try is only 12.66.

Payton Jordan walks by again. "Take care, men," he says. "I have to go."

"One more try," says Seidler.

"I've never seen you so thirsty," says Oldfield.

She hits 12.80 and runs up the runway, shouting, "I *gotta* do one more!" She must be filled with the certainty that field athletes relish, that it's just *there*. The perfect pop. *This* time.

Seidler leaps again, keeps a steady rhythm to her five springs, and lands 13.31 meters from her starting point.

"An amazing new PR [personal record]!" she announces as she flops onto the cushiony pole-vault pit and wrenches off her sand-filled shoes. "And on the sixth try. Normally I'm *fix und fertig* to quit by three.

"*Now* I want a beer," she says. "You know this isn't hard at all if you're getting good at it." She notices for the first time that they are alone in the dim stadium. "I bet Payton's locked the gate," she says. "We'll have to climb over."

"That's part of it," says Oldfield. They rattle up the 10 feet of chain-link fence like a couple of very agile bears. It seems a good time to slip away, while these Big People are hung up there in the twisted wire atop the fence, still held in the act of doing, and all their judges damned, or, better yet, blissfully forgotten. **END**

NOT SETTLING FOR HAMBURGER

As the NASL season gets under way, owners bored with leftovers are trying to get into the Cosmos' gourmet class

by J. D. REED

Eddie Firmani, the coach of the Cosmos, was sitting at the Sultan's Tent bar of the Princess Tower Hotel in Freeport, Grand Bahama one evening a few weeks ago, cooling out after a spring training session. The place was filled with tour groups wearing silly straw hats to cover third-degree sunburns and throwing down things like Yellow Birds and Bahama Mommas and Trader Toms. Outside, the temperature was a dry 80°. Firmani was sipping a beer and thinking about the NASL's 13th season, which opens this Saturday.

"There's only one team that can beat the Cosmos this year," he said finally, smiling faintly and tapping his forehead. "And that's the Cosmos." Firmani looked around. Next to him sat Vladislav Bogicevic, the highly gifted Yugoslavian attacking midfielder, who had just explained to his coach and anyone else who would listen that the trick of getting admitted to Studio 54, Manhattan's preposterously exclusive disco, was to show up dressed in nothing but *The New York Times*. Upstairs in his room, Carlos Alberto, the legendary Brazilian sweeper back and former World Cup-squad captain, was brooding about the fact that Franz (the Kaiser) Beckenbauer, the legendary German who played in midfield last season, was agitating to play sweeper this year. Beckenbauer, who, after all, *invented* the sweeper position, wasn't in Freeport. He was planning (some said) on showing up much later than March 1, the date his contract calls for, so out of shape that Firmani would have to let him play sweeper. Meanwhile, in his suite—on another floor from the lodgings of the rest of the team—super-striker Giorgio Chinaglia, the legendary Italian who set an alltime league season record of 34 goals in '78, was having one of his legendary delusions of grandeur. Watching a televised German league game, he whispered, "They're not so great."

Firmani's meditations were interrupted by a newcomer to the Cosmos, Marinho, a Brazilian defender of such ballhandling skills and gracious wit that he reminds one of Meadowlark Lemon. Marinho slid in beside the coach and began to beat out a fierce, complicated Latin rhythm on the bar top, looking off into space from beneath his shoulder-length blond hair, obviously in deep communication with Mars.

"See what I mean?" said Firmani, with another faint smile.

The other teams in the NASL aren't within several million miles of the Cosmos, either, whether you consider the club's nearly unbearable internal strains or its astronomical payroll—but they're working at it. In fact, a number of teams seem to have adopted the Cosmos as the great and true model of how an American soccer team should be *run*. Which is sort of a joke, because the Cosmos haven't actually *run* toward their back-to-back championships but rather lurched toward them, barely under control and threatening at almost any *moment* to blow up.

It's not exactly the kind of operation you would teach undergraduates in Professional Sporting Structures I, but it's worked for the Cosmos in xwo extremely important ways—they win and they draw the bans. The other teams are beginning to get the message. In a league badly in need of a counterweight to the Cosmos, many teams are suddenly seeing virtue in chaos and in the multinational roster approach and are opening their checkbooks to players from Germany, Holland, Argentina, Peru, Portugal, Denmark and Mexico.

The backbone of the NASL has been and, to a large extent, still is the English player In England, for a modest price, a league owner could once obtain a player with experience, fortitude and reliable skills who spoke a language the owner understood. He could buy such players from their British clubs, or get them on loan to play in the U.S. after the conclusion of the British season. But the supply of moderate-priced English players—most of them from second-division or lower clubs—was not limitless and, often as not, they produced fairly humdrum results, both on the field and at the gate. The asking prices on top-grade English talent, meanwhile, have soared compared to what was available on the world market. "The English have become very dear," says NASL Director of Operations Ted Howard. Last season, for instance, the Cosmos' purchase of Dennis Tueart

On the soccer-player market, best British is now very expensive The wise shopper will find tasty bargains in European and South American cuts



for $500,000 was a British record. This year Tampa Bay is offering second-division Charlton Athletic $1.4 million for Striker Mike Flanagan, who last season racked up 30 goals while on loan to New England. And the Detroit Express' 1978 loaner, Trevor Francis, was sold off-season by Birmingham City to Nottingham Forest for a hefty $2.3 million—and will again play for Detroit. Nonetheless, the NASL will remain predominantly English. Tulsa, Vancouver, Minnesota, Portland, Seattle and Memphis will still be solidly English, though teams dependent on English loaners may regret it. The English winter was so severe that about 200 games—a month's worth—were postponed, and loaners, who must finish their own schedules before joining their NASL teams, will be arriving in the U.S. after a quarter of the season is over.

So if you're an owner in reasonably good financial shape and you want to catch the Cosmos—maybe even win a championship—and pull in a bunch more people, what do you do?

You call up Berlitz is what you do.

Among other things, the 1978 season proved that the NASL could survive without Pelé. Attendance was up to 4,690,000—a million more than in '77—although nearly a sixth of that figure was accounted for by the Cosmos' home attendance, which amounted to 717,842 in 15 games. (Think of how *that* looked to

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owners trying to decide what path to take.) In the off-season the NASL also got a toehold network television contract with ABC—nine games with Jim McKay in the booth—and signed up the legendary Henry Kissinger as chairman of its board of directors. The former Secretary of State meets regularly with Commissioner Phil Woosnam to plot the course of the NASL in the world of international soccer. Now for the bad news. As opening day approached, there was the threat of a players' strike. The NASL Players' Association, led by Ed Garvey, the executive director of the NFL Players' Association, last year won the right to bargain collectively with the league. The NASL owners, however, have steadfastly refused to recognize the NASLPA. A strike vote is under way, and player representatives meet this week to count ballots—currently running 3 to 1 in favor of a walkout—and decide on action.

But for the time being, what with no new franchises and only two relocations—last year there were six of the former, four of the latter—the owners are concentrating on emulating the Cosmos. It is a situation in which everyone applauds when someone makes a move. Spirits were high around the league two weeks ago when the Fort Lauderdale Strikers, a successful team formerly dependent on doughty Britishers, signed the German star Gerd Muller for a reported annual salary of $400,000. While Muller is not a Pelé in either drawing power or virtuosity, he is very near the top of the world-class game and is the most important player to come into the league since Beckenbauer. Over the winter, the 35-year-old striker, who scored an amazing 365 goals in 427 games for Bayern Munich and has scored 68 goals in 62 National Team appearances, became disillusioned with his club. When it asked him to help out the defense, he resigned in disgust and declared his availability to the NASL.

Although he almost ranks with Beckenbauer, Muller may suffer in Fort Lauderdale. He scored the winning World Cup championship goal against Holland in 1974, but he must be served the ball accurately and often by fast-flying wingmen. The Cosmos have two such operatives (one of them an English international) to provide this service for Chinaglia, but the Strikers do not. Fort Lauderdale also accomplished the off-season's second-most-notable signing when it acquired Teofilo Cubillas, 29, the Peruvian striker who is fifth in alltime World Cup goals, and who was runner-up to Pelé as the 1970 World Cup MVP. He will get $350,000 for two years. Said Beau Rogers, the Strikers' executive vice-president and general manager, "That's about equal to three llamas and two Peruvian rugs."

The Strikers also have George Best, the much-publicized on-again, off-again goal scorer, although his availability is clouded because of contract problems. Fort Lauderdale's English coach, Ron Newman, is awed by all that has happened to his team. "It's pretty much mind-boggling," he says. "We've got to be right alongside the Cosmos. We'll certainly surprise the rest of the league. Our little team now has stature throughout the world."

Other teams in other ways were also going in for the international look. The New England Tea Men, backed by Lipton Tea's megabucks, have shucked an English look for a Portuguese one in deference to Massachusetts' half-million Portuguese-Americans, and San Diego hopes to sign two popular Mexican wingers in an effort to draw on the vast Mexican population of Southern California.

Except in poverty-level franchises, you can forget about the Americanization of the NASL. "I love the Americans in the game," says Dallas Tornado Coach Al Miller, who last season started more Americans than any club except Colorado which sometimes fielded as many as six. The Tornado average was four or five. But last year Dallas missed the playoff for the first time, and this season Miller will start a team of Brazilians, Argentinians, Portuguese and one standout German. "I have to win a championship," he says. "Americanization will have to wait. If I can make all these foreigners play together, we'll never be embarrassed by the Cosmos again."

One of Dallas' displaced American players managed to be philosophical about the situation. "At least the foreigners coming over here now are top players," said Glenn Myernick, "not guys who've lost so many steps at home that they can't compete. We're going to look at them, take what we can from their experience and skills, and soon we'll take over the league." But first the league will be trying to overtake the Cosmos.

SCOUTING REPORTS

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

To imagine any team other than the **Cosmos** emerging from Giants Stadium in New Jersey's Meadowlands next Sept. 8 as the winner of Soccer Bowl-79 requires a feat of prodigious fancy. They won the last two NASL championships and take the field for the '79 season stronger than ever. Newcomer Defensive Back Marinho, whom the Cosmos need the way the Yankees needed Rod Carew, may be the icing on the cake. And if Steve Hunt, the perennially homesick English winger, can be persuaded to return to play alongside Dennis Tueart and the hot-shooting Giorgio Chinaglia, the Cosmos may be invincible.

But if they are stronger, they are not necessarily happier. Franz Beckenbauer is gloomy about having to play midfield again. Chinaglia, last season's record-setting scoring leader (34 goals), is reportedly unhappy with Eddie Firmani, the coach he was instrumental in bringing to the team (these are the Cosmos, remember). And it must be recalled that other teams that have amassed high-priced talent have managed not to make it all the way—*e.g.*, the Philadelphia 76ers—and if any one of a number of clubs can mount a sustained challenge against the most expensive roster in world soccer, it could happen here.

Vancouver is a puzzlement. The Whitecaps are the antithesis of the Cosmos. They are almost entirely English and Canadian, and not a big name among them. Yet, under Player-Coach Tony Waiters, they finished last season with a record identical to that of the Cosmos, 24–6. Having the Whitecaps go all the way would be like a British trade union taking over Buckingham Palace. They play a traditional English, leather-lunged game—counter to the trend in the NASL—but they play it very well indeed. With only four new players—all of them English—the Whitecaps also defy the trend by standing on a pat hand.

continued

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Dallas, because it didn't win that way, will no longer have its appealingly American look. Among those uprooted by the international influx is Kyle Rote Jr., a longtime media darling and a genuinely able performer, who has been dealt off to Houston. Other young American players coming into the league have more talent than he. Gerd Trinklein, an experienced sweeper from Germany, is the best of the Tornado acquisitions. He will take over that position—from the only American ever to play it regularly in the NASL, Glenn Myernick.

The **Minnesota** Kicks have always done well at the gate, but to reward their fans with a Soccer Bowl appearance they need a top striker. Longtime Coach Freddie Goodwin has ascended to the presidency of the club, handpicking Roy McCrohan as his successor and bringing to Swedish-oriented Minnesota Bjorn Nordqvist, the so-called "Beckenbauer of Sweden." Nordqvist is a defender who has more "caps"—games for his national team (115)—than anyone. If McCrohan can work some coaching magic with the offense, Nordqvist could give the three-time divisional winners the edge again with an otherwise English-American roster.

The Diplomats' new chief executive, Sonny Werblin, commutes to **Washington** from New York's Madison Square Garden Corporation—Knicks, Rangers and now Diplomats—but he seems to have forgotten to take his checkbook with him. With no super-signings, and a team roster as shallow as the Washington Monument reflecting pool, the Dips will not do well despite the presence of feisty scoring artist Paul Cannell. Unless, of course, Werblin changes his mind about that checkbook, which isn't an uncommon way to resolve such difficulties in the NASL.

Los Angeles engineered one of the off-season's most interesting and innovative importations by bringing in not a player but a first-rate international coach. Rinus Michels guided Holland's 1974 World Cup side and has been the gray eminence behind the fabled Johan Cruyff. He also developed the "Whirl," the system of play that won the orange-shirted Dutch National Team the nickname "Clockwork Orange." Michels says, "Most soccer stars are not worth their salaries." But then, the Dutchman hasn't been in this country all that long. He has signed only two of his countrymen, plus a host of English and American hopefuls. The Aztecs just may be able to win their division battle.

Given the evidence that to win in the NASL you must spend money, a number of teams are bucking the odds. **Portland** paid a modest $100,000 to purchase English Defender Graham Day, who has played for them as a loaner the past three years. That is as high as the Timbers have ever gone. With 15 British and American players returning, they likely will find themselves out of the playoffs. NASL teams that don't make moves usually are felled.

Up the coast in **Seattle**, the Sounders have purchased the moody but brilliant English midfielder, Alan Hudson, in their first year of big spending. Hudson, who comes from First Division Arsenal Football Club, cost a reported $200,000. The Sounders also added *Derek Smethurst, perennially among the* league's top scorers, from Tampa Bay. But their goaltending is questionable in a league committed to attacking soccer, and they may do worse than last season's 15–15 mark.

Rochester as usual is running amok. In an effort to save cash, the Lancers will field loaners from the New York Arrows, the indoor-soccer-league team that Lancer Coach Dragan Popovic has been directing for the past few months. The Lancers originally supplied most of the Arrows' players. Figure that one out. Rochester scraped together $125,000 to buy Shep Messing, who is currently keeping goal for the Arrows. The Lancers are masters of the offside trap, a delicate maneuver designed to draw the opposition offside. They did it 181 times in '78, but they will have to come up with some new tricks this year.

In his first coaching job, former Cosmos player Keith Eddy, an Englishman, will depend on English loaners in **Toronto**, while jettisoning a host of Croatians who have been the backbone of the team for years. A change of ownership and name is involved. Old name: Metros Croatia. New one: The Blizzard.

Another Englishman, ex-player Alan Hinton, will direct the **Tulsa** squad. The Roughnecks' only luminary this year is a training-camp walk-on, Iranian World Cupper Iraj Danaifard, who found himself in Tulsa with no reason to go home because the soccer season there had been canceled on account of the revolution.

So awed is the management to be bringing soccer back to **Atlanta** after five years that the Chiefs haven't done much of anything except get together a squad that will show up on opening day, which in their case happens to be April Fools' Day. Most of the players are holdovers from last season when the franchise was in Colorado, as is Coach Dan Wood. "I read that the Rowdies offered Mike Flanagan $1.4 million," Wood says. "We could run our whole franchise for two years on that." If it's around, that is.

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Considering all the money that's been spent and the caliber of players signed on, **Fort Lauderdale** should sweep into Soccer Bowl-79 as conference champion. Minus retired English Keeper Gordon Banks but now with Gerd Muller, *Teofilo Cubillas and possibly George* Best as a forward line and Arnie Mausser in goal, the Strikers will be an international street fair of styles and a joy to watch. The Brooklyn-born Mausser, who played last season with the Colorado Caribous, is one of the most talented American keepers—by themselves a group of exceptional merit, even by world standards. But Coach Ron Newman is not sanguine. "Every team looks 60% better on paper this year," he says. "The trick is to get the paper onto the field."

The biggest surprise in the league last year was provided by **Chicago** which got off to a rousing 0–10 start. When the Sting's record reached 2–14, management fired its English coach and hired Willy Roy, a German. Roy unloaded a bunch of English players and brought in half a dozen German, Dutch and Danish athletes. The result, considering the circumstances, was a remarkable 12–18 season. The Sting's German-based offense was potent last season and should be again. The defense is a question mark, as are the two keepers, neither of whom has yet played an NASL game. Roy, however, is optimistic.

The **New England** Tea Men, an expansion club that started from scratch last year, finished an astonishingly strong 19–11, tying for first in their division on points and achieving the second-best rec-

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ord in the conference. A large part of their success can be laid at the feet of Mike Flanagan, an English loan player who scored 30 goals and was named the league's MVP. But Tampa Bay is trying to buy Flanagan's contract outright and New England may well have seen the last of him. Thomas J. Lipton Inc., which owns the team, has a ton of money, it recently offered to fund the entire U.S. Olympic soccer effort. The Tea Men have also gone international, acquiring Salif (King) Keita and three other Portuguese stars from Sporting Lisbon, but the loss of Flanagan would really hurt.

When Trevor Francis finally arrives in **Detroit** after the English season is over (whenever that will be this year), the Express will pick up steam. Last season he scored 22 goals in this country, and his transfer fee was the highest ever in England. The Express' 20–10 record in 1978 was best in the conference. They will be very good again, when the finest player in the league gets there.

Last year's Soccer Bowl loser, **Tampa Bay**, is rebuilding. Says Coach Gordon Jago, "We should have done it last year, but we were busy trying to win the championship." In typical NASL style, the Rowdies, who have a public relations style all their own, are on the verge of a host of signings, including that of a pair of Peruvians and a brace of Yugoslavs. Well set in the backfield, the Rowdies need to shore up their front line, where semi-official team hero Striker Rodney Marsh, now 34, is slowing down. The acquisition of Flanagan would make a decisive difference here. Without him, or someone of his caliber, the Rowdies could finish behind New England and Detroit.

Another possibility for conference honors is **San Diego**. German Coach Hubert Vogelsinger's Sockers tied Tampa's 18–12 record last year. With the help of two Mexican strikers, Hugo Sanchez and Leonardo Cuellar, whom they hope to sign for arrival in June, the Sockers beat Moscow Dynamo last month 5–2, no small achievement. With the best American goalie, Alan Mayer, and U.S. National squad Midfielder Julie Veee, a top homegrown player, plus two Irishmen and a German or two, San Diego could contend.

San Jose, on the other hand, probably will not. The Earthquakes—who wound up 8–22 in '78, the second-worst record in the league—got rid of their coach and a raft of aging players. The new coach is ex-Los Angeles pilot Terry Fisher, and only four members of last year's squad are still around. Having acquired four Germans and two Danes, the Quakes may bear watching—if they surface at all.

Juan Michia, an Argentinian, and Kyle Rote Jr. are the only players of note who have signed with **Houston**. Hurricane Coach Timo Leokoski has been busy clinching first place in the MISL with his Summit Soccer team. He may not have the time or the resources to do much in the great out-of-doors, or, for that matter, in the great indoors of the Astrodome. The **Edmonton** team, which was bought from Oakland by World Hockey Association Oilers' owner Peter Pocklington for $2.5 million, has a fine Dutch coach in Hans Kraay and a nucleus of so-so players who made the trek to Edmonton. Kraay will need Pocklington's storied generosity to make the Drillers a contender come spring in Alberta.

Although they came on with a bang at the beginning of last season, the **Philadelphia** Fury, which has rock-music ownership, soon fell into disharmony. In point of dismal fact, they failed to score in 12 of their 30 games. The major blame for this ineptitude fell on English Forward Peter Osgood, who was hyped as a superstar but wasn't. Englishmen Alan Ball and David Robb, both loaners, won't arrive for a while, which may be too late for Yugoslavian Coach Marko Valock to warble a victory song.

The **California** team, which is based in Anaheim, looks bad. The Surf have Steve David, the 1977 NASL scoring champ, and Coach John Sewell hopes he can sweet-talk the moody Trinidadian into improving his play; he only scored five times in 11 games last season. But even that will not be enough.

The **Memphis** Rogues are out to lunch. And at the local diner at that. Operating on a budget that allows a toothpick and a glass of water and depending heavily on loan players from England, they will have to warm themselves with the memory of their surprise win over the Cosmos last season. English Coach Eddie McCreadie, who thrust Chelsea into the English First Division, deserves better. **END**

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MOVIES

by FRANK DEFORD



UNBEARABLE VARIATIONS ON THE BEARS

We are blessed with the news on this happy spring day that Walter Matthau has sued the producers of *The Bad News Bears*. It is Matthau's contention that subsequent variations on its theme—*The Bad News Bears Go to Japan*, *The Bad News Bears Meet Bigfoot*, *The Bad News Bears Turn Hardporn*, etc., in which he did not appear—have diminished his earning power from the original *TBNB* opus. Inspired by this ploy, it is now my intention to file a class-action suit on behalf of beleaguered viewers against all movie producers who turn out pale replicas of *The Bad News Bears* or *Rocky*. At present, that is all we are getting.

Now fouling up the neighborhood theaters are films about ice skating, basketball and wrestling—two are *Rockys*, one is a *Bad News Bears*. The latter, entitled *Take Down*, is the sorriest of the three. It is about a predictably awful high school wrestling team and its predictably foolish coach, and how they win the big meet in the end. Oh, perhaps I should not be quite so harsh, and I wouldn't be if I were 14½ years old and a girl. *Take Down* is mostly a teen-ageploitation film, with the skimpy wrestling attire providing an opportunity for teeners to ogle the well-muscled 185 pounds of Lorenzo Lamas, who plays the star wrestler. The tall, dark and handsome Lorenzo is well bred for the part: Dad is Fernando Lamas, and Mom is Arlene Dahl. Moreover, he was raised by Esther Williams. "I really have two mothers," he says, which is fair enough because he has only one expression. Edward Herrmann, a fine actor, has taken a hack payday to play the bumbling coach, proof again that we all have our price.

The more pretentious of the new *Rocky* rip-offs is *Ice Castles*, which asks the musical question: Can a young skater from Iowa with little training become an Olympic champion overnight, especially if she has an accident in slow motion and goes blind? The answer (as you knew when you heard about the slow motion) is that the movie's ending is a freeze-frame. Lynn-Holly Johnson, plucked from the chorus of Ice Capades, makes a serviceable acting debut, playing opposite Robby Benson, the thinking man's Lorenzo Lamas. Robby pouts his way through the film, while the adult leads, Colleen Dewhurst and Tom Skerritt (see above, re E. Herrmann), don't appear to have the foggiest notion what the turgid script has them saying.

The writers and director of *Ice Castles* should be made to go see *Movie Movie*, which is a funny parody of old Class B double features that spoofs the tale of the sensitive young man who has to become a boxer to pay for an operation to keep his sister from going blind. The difference between *Movie Movie* and *Ice Castles* is that *Movie Movie* you can believe. The only thing in *Ice Castles* that rings true comes when Lynn-Holly makes the cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and it takes two photographers to get the photo right. But *Ice Castles* is not just bad. It is in bad taste. It uses blindness as a gimmick, which is inexcusably shameless, and its language is gratuitously vulgar.

The third new film is *Fast Break*, which, to damn it with faint praise, is the pick of this litter. It is the tale of a New York delicatessen clerk who becomes a coach in Nevada, and stocks his team with ghetto kids. O.K. Bernard King of the Nets and Mike Warren, lately of UCLA, are among the players, while Gabriel Kaplan, the coach (*pictured above*), has taken Kotter to the court. But it is an engaging part that Kaplan has fashioned, and *Fast Break* is pleasantly harmless, more like a long skit than a full-length story. The film is greatly compromised, however, because one of the players is a girl in male disguise—and, of course, no one on the team figures this out. Gee, why be so temperately ridiculous? Why not make her blind, too? Why not make her a talking horse?

The trouble with sports movies is that Hollywood has to hoke them up. The formula is: a different sport, a big game/fight/meet at the end; and the middle filled with random implausibilities. Apparently, if it is a sports film, any real characterization is too highbrow. In all three of these movies, there is only one character—the skating coach in *Ice Castles*, played by Jennifer Warren—that is drawn with any dimension. Even the titles tend to be empty, meaningless catchphrases from the particular sport—*Slap Shot*, *One on One*, *Take Down*, *Fast Break*. They are more on the order of product labels, and we can only expect sequels to be named *The New Improved Fast Break* and *Giant Economy Size Take Down*. END

by Ron Reid

Staging a coup at the Palace

Although dreary and weary, Drury beat Henderson for the NAIA championship

For 42 years the NAIA basketball tournament has violated almost every precept of show business during its annual six-day-and-night stand in Kansas City, Mo. Broadway, for instance, will not soon imitate the NAIA practice of premiering on a Monday at 9:30 a.m. with a cast of 384 who are known only to NBA scouts. But that's the style of the NAIA, a cheap ticket, low-budget, 32-team tournament apparently staged for the 25-watt radio stations of the little towns of Middle America. Despite this, the NAIA is a cracking good show with enough shocks to rival Alfred Hitchcock, and for the unsung small-school athlete, playing the NAIA is like playing the Palace.

So it was last Saturday night in Kemper Arena as Drury College of Springfield, Mo. won the NAIA championship by beating Henderson State of Arkadelphia, Ark. 60–54. That the tournament title went to third-seeded Drury was no great surprise, least of all to Lawrence Washington and Mike Carter, who probably contributed most to its acquisition. Washington, a 6′ 1″ guard who won the MVP award, led the Panthers in assists, heads-up floor play and aggressive defense and hauled down 15 rebounds against Henderson. Carter, an enthusiastic 6′ 8″ center from Eagle Rock, Calif., got the hustle award.

Drury's title-game victory was marked by blown layups, missed passes, 40% shooting and 15 turnovers, thus qualifying as the least elegant Panther performance of the week. But if Drury was dreary, Henderson was worse. Both teams were weary. The Panthers, who finished with a 33–2 season record, had to win five times in six days.

The Thursday quarterfinal matchup between Drury and Briar Cliff College of Sioux City, Iowa generated the most spectacular basketball of the entire tournament, with the Panthers taking their biggest step toward the championship by winning 89–84. Owing to its international recruiting tactics, Briar Cliff's 12-man roster is graced by three Iowans and seven Panamanians, including four members of the Panamanian national team. Charger Coach Ray Nacke's Panama Canal began about five years ago and has produced such blue-chippers as Rolando Frazier, a 6′ 5″ sophomore who made the All-Tournament team, and Ernesto Malcomb, a 6′ 4″ senior who might have if he had played better defense.

Frazier and Malcomb each scored 29 points against Drury, which countered with a 31-point performance from Jerry Alexander, who sports a Fu Manchu goatee and Mephisto-like sideburns. Washington also connected for 18 points, but it was the all-round competence of both



The Panthers' Mike Carter won the Hustle Award, and not just for his enthusiastic assault on the nets

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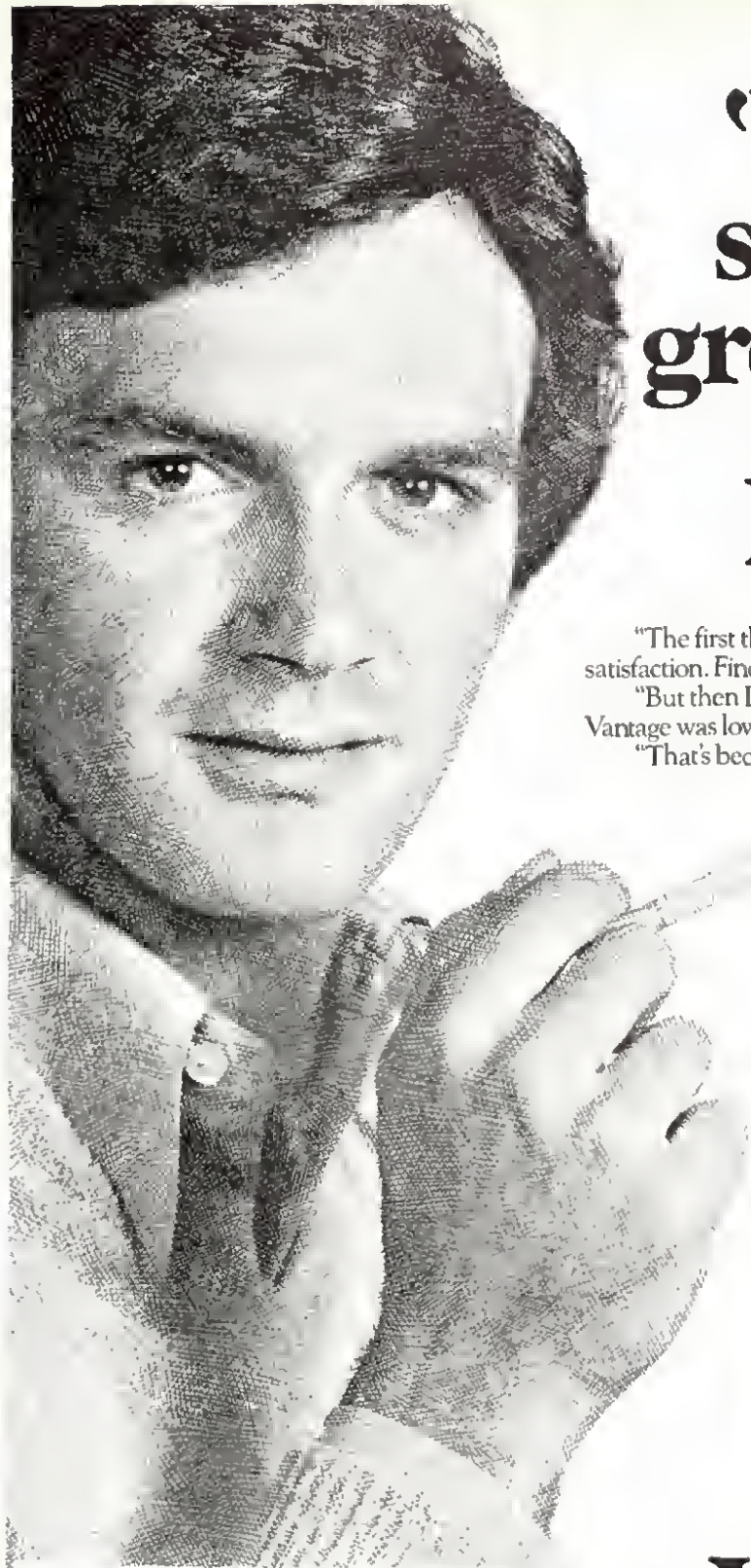
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"I think we played just good enough to win tonight," Carter said Saturday "But after we beat Briar Cliff, I knew we were going all the way."

Earlier in the week Drury had knocked off Hanover, Ind. 69–60 and edged Kearney State, Neb. 72–69 in a game just as close as the final score. Closer for 34 minutes was the Panthers' semifinal struggle Friday night with perplexing Midwestern State of Wichita Falls, Texas. An unseeded team that had been beaten 15 times before it arrived in Kansas City, Midwestern belied its record by racking up three victories before losing to Drury 77–59 The game was close until the final six minutes, when Carter, Washington and Alexander ignited a 19–2 scoring blitz.

Meanwhile, Henderson State was moving toward the final with successive performances that seemed destined to leave Coach Bobby Reese with a case of cardiac arrest. The Reddies, as they are known—and loved—down in Arkadelphia, scored three of their victories by the total of three points and had to go into overtime to achieve another. Henderson nipped Point Park, Pa. 70–69, beat Wisconsin Eau Claire 84–78 in overtime, edged Quincy, Ill. 70–69 and got by Southwest Texas 58–57 to reach the Saturday night showdown.

Drury was a smooth team, short on mistakes and long on finesse, until the final, but Henderson was consistently error-prone from start to finish. In the title game, the Reddies were called five times for traveling violations, shot only 34.7% from the floor, matched Drury with 15 turnovers and had two players foul out.

Henderson's most dangerous weapon was 6′ 4″ Forward Anthony Avery, a deadly shooter even though the index finger of his right (shooting) hand was cut off at the first knuckle in an industrial accident two years ago. The disability has had no apparent effect on Avery's touch or accuracy. He scored 97 points in the tournament, making more than half his field-goal attempts, and sank 15 of 19 free-throw tries.

In the final, however, Henderson's penchant for sloppy play and a 46–40 deficit in rebounds were too much to overcome, even though Drury was having an off night. In the first half, Henderson led for 10 minutes before buckets by Carter and Washington gave Drury a 34–30 lead at intermission that it never relinquished.

"I got a little bit nervous," Washington said, "but I remembered that we'd beaten them earlier this year in the Quincy Christmas tournament, so I just tried to keep the pressure on. We don't worry about the shots we miss. We just keep taking them."

Drury saved the NAIA seeding committee from total embarrassment. As usual, the seedings were as accurate as sheep-entrail readings. Cameron University of Lawton, Okla., which had a 36–3 record, maintained a tournament tradition by becoming the eighth straight No. 1 seed to fail to make the finals. Cameron was ousted by Southwest Texas 77–73, its only loss of the season to an NAIA opponent. The Aggies' other defeats had been to Jacksonville and New Mexico State, both NCAA qualifiers.

"It didn't hurt us to be top-seeded," said Cameron Coach Lonnie Nichols. "We just got beat by a better team." Indeed, more than half the seeded clubs had been knocked out of the tournament by the second round. Grand Canyon, Ariz., the NAIA defending champ and the No. 2 seed, was quickly sent home by Marymount, Kans. 79–74 in its opening contest.

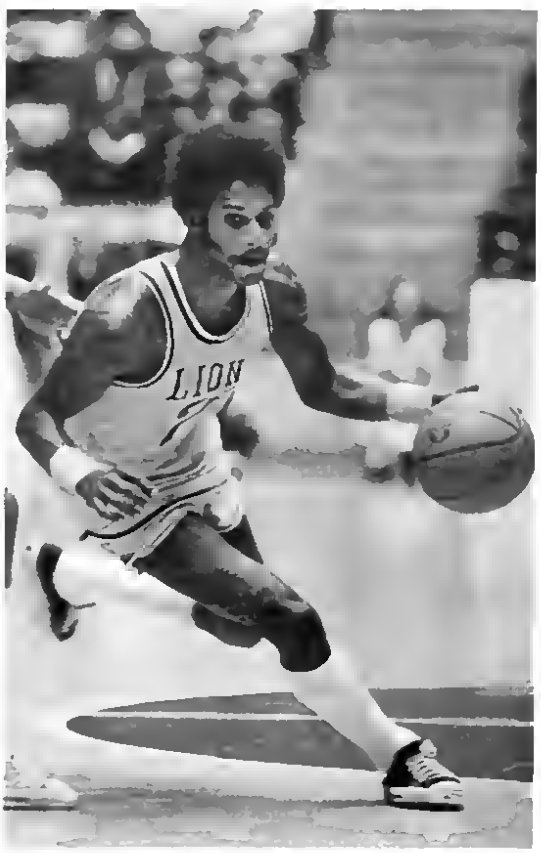
Washington, Alexander and Avery joined Frazier on the All-Tournament team, along with James Patrick, who led Southwest Texas to a 101–88 rout of Midwestern in the consolation game. But in contrast to other years, when team performances were overshadowed by sensational individual play, parity was the watchword of the '79 tournament. This year's field was perhaps the most closely matched in NAIA history. It was a boon to the week's turnout of 65,681 fans and made for good show business.

Unsung, unranked, unbeatable

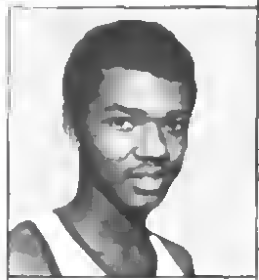
For a tournament team, North Alabama took a surprisingly modest reputation into last week's NCAA Division II championship at Springfield, Mo. In 31 basketball seasons, the Lions had a 371–372 record, and only 12 winning years. The 1978-79 team had nine losses and was unranked. Had been all year. Only once before had North Alabama earned its way into a postseason event—the 1977 Division II tournament. Naturally, the Lions didn't win. "Actually, we embarrassed ourselves," says Coach Bill Jones. "We were scared little country boys who went up to the city and were too tight to play."

Despite this history of ineptitude, North Alabama somehow played well

continued



Hometown hero Otis Boddie won one for Mom



Raymond McCoy
Bloom High School
Chicago Heights Illinois



Tim Andre
Brother Rice High School
Birmingham Michigan



Clark Kellogg
St Joseph High School
Cleveland Ohio



Ricky Ross
South High School
Wichita Kansas



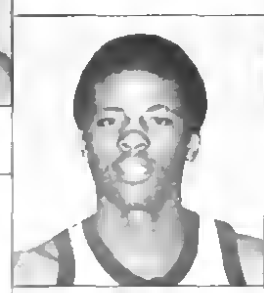
Sam Bowie
Lebanon High School
Lebanon Pennsylvania

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Tennessee High School
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Teddy Grebbs
M L King High School
Chicago Illinois



Dominique Wilkins
Washington High School
Washington North Carolina



Jim Braddock
Baylor Preparatory High School
Chattanooga Tennessee



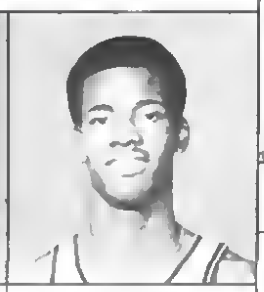
Isiah Thomas
St Joseph High School
Westchester Illinois



Sid Green
Thomas Jefferson High School
Brooklyn New York



Greg Kite
Madison High School
Houston Texas



Quintin Dailey
Cardinal Gibbons High School
Baltimore Maryland



James Worthy
Ashbrook High School
Gastonia North Carolina



Terry Fair
Southwest High School
Macon Georgia

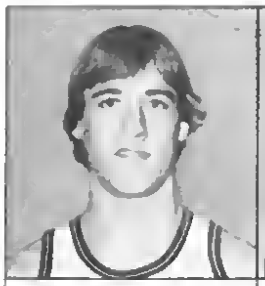
For the third year, McDonald's® is honoring the most outstanding high school basketball players in the country.

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On March 23, many of these players will come to Charlotte, N.C. to play in McDonald's All American Game™. Local McDonald's restaurants will donate net proceeds from this dream game to help establish a Ronald McDonald House™ – a home away from home for families of children being treated for serious illnesses – at Duke University Medical Center.

Highlights will be carried by NBC-TV on Saturday, March 24, between the NCAA Semi-final games.

McDonald's



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Alter High School
Kettering, Ohio



Antoine Carr
Wichita Heights High School
Wichita Kansas



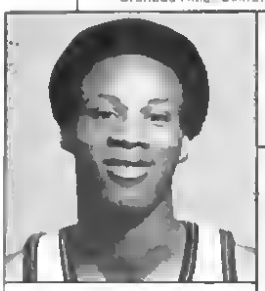
Sidney Lowe
DeMatha High School
Hyattsville Maryland



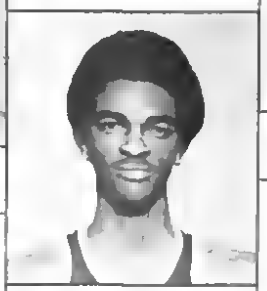
Tony Brum
Mater Christi High School
Long Island City, New York



Darren Daye
J. F. Kennedy High School
Granada Hills, California



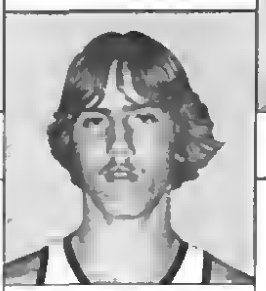
Byron Scott
Morningside High School
Inglewood California



Ralph Sampson
Harrisonburg High School
Harrisonburg, Virginia



Horace Owens
Dobbins Tech High School
Philadelphia Pennsylvania



Steve Stipanovich
DeSmet High School
St. Louis Missouri



Dirk Minniefield
Lafayette High School
Lexington Kentucky

* '79 McDonald's Corporation

enough to win three preliminary games and gain the final four. Then, on Saturday night, the Lions crushed the University of Wisconsin at Green Bay 64–50 to win the national title—the school's first in any sport.

Located in Florence, in the northwest corner of the state, North Alabama had anticipated such heady stuff since Jones arrived in 1974. Before then, the team was a well-kept secret. The first thing Jones did was rent billboards around town and advertise Lion basketball. Next, he did a radio show on Thursdays, and then Lion games were picked up by WVNA radio and broadcast across the state. Jones' first team won 12 games, the second a school-record 19. Suddenly TPT-3 Cable TV began to air Lion games, too. In all, average home attendance shot up from fewer than 600 in 1974 to this year's 3,500. "We did work at promotion," Jones confesses. "It's the only way to go."

Perhaps Jones should have been hired to promote the Division II finals, too. When North Alabama and Bridgeport (Conn.) appeared for their semifinal game Friday night, there were fewer than 2,000 people in the Hammons Student Center. One reason for the poor turnout may have been that Drury, a local school, was playing in the NAIA tournament in Kansas City, only 145 miles away. Another may have been that the Drury games were on local TV. Besides, who's North Alabama? Let alone Bridgeport, which lost the game 85–82.

Obviously, the semifinal to watch was the nightcap: Cheney (Pa.) State vs. Green Bay in a rematch of last year's final. Cheney had won that game and, with a 22–6 record, was making its fourth consecutive Division II appearance. The Wolves had three starters back, including Forward Andy Fields, the 1978 MVP. "This is a very meaningful thing," Coach John Chaney said. His players were taking it very seriously, too. They rarely left their rooms. They kept quiet. They ate together, wearing coats and ties. And they prayed together before meals and didn't dare to excuse themselves from the table until everybody was finished. In discussing his players at one point, Chaney broke into tears. "I'm going to miss the seniors," he said. "They've given me so much."

One thing Cheney didn't give Chaney was a win over Green Bay. It was easily the most exciting game of the tournament. In the last nine minutes the lead changed seven times. With 41 seconds to play, the Wolves trailed 44–43 but had George Melton on the line shooting a one-and-one. Melton missed. Green Bay's Rory Lindgren pulled down the rebound, was fouled and sank two free throws to put the game out of Cheney's reach. The final score was 46–45. Afterward, Chaney moaned, "It was straws that got us here and a straw that got us beat."

Green Bay was a prohibitive favorite over North Alabama in the title game. In 10 seasons under Coach Dave Buss, the Phoenix have won 219 of 287 games, the fourth-best percentage in the country. Green Bay has no offensive star, just five well-drilled players who pass with precision and take carefully selected shots. Lindgren is deadly from the baseline but shoots so infrequently that he averages fewer than 10 points a game. Green Bay's bread-and-butter play is a shuffle pass underneath to Ron Ripley, a 6′ 10″ center who hooks well left or right and mauls the basket like the Incredible Hulk, often flinging the ball up hastily and then leaping for it and slapping it down toward the hoop.

Buss' teams also have led the nation in scoring defense the last three seasons. This year Phoenix foes averaged only 50 points a game and shot a miserable 36.9%. The secret is what Buss calls a "matchup zone," which all but closes down the lanes.

Buss refuses to divulge any information about his zone. "Why should I?" he says. Then again, Buss obviously isn't a congenial sort. Green Bay checked in at a Springfield hotel on the opposite side of town from the hotel where the other three teams and all the Division II officials stayed. And after the win over Cheney, Buss lashed out at those who thought 40-point ball games are something less than thrilling. "This is meat-and-potatoes basketball," Buss growled. "You can't leave for a Coke because you might miss the turning point."

North Alabama eliminated Bridgeport thanks mainly to an 18–4 scoring burst early in the second half that was triggered by Otis Boddie, Perry Oden and Bobby Montgomery. Boddie, a 6′ 2″ junior guard, had offers to attend Mississippi State, Tennessee and Washington State, among others, but he chose to stay close to home. After his brother Aaron, who played for Union College in Jackson, Tenn., had a heart attack during practice and died on the court, Otis felt he should live at home with his three younger sisters and his mother Martha, then working as a custodian in the North Alabama gym. Martha Boddie works elsewhere now and goes to Flowers Hall only to see Otis play.

For three years he has led the Lions in scoring, and next season he should become the Lions' alltime leading scorer. He still lives at home. "I belong living with my family," he says. "Long as Mom can see me play, I ain't going nowhere else."

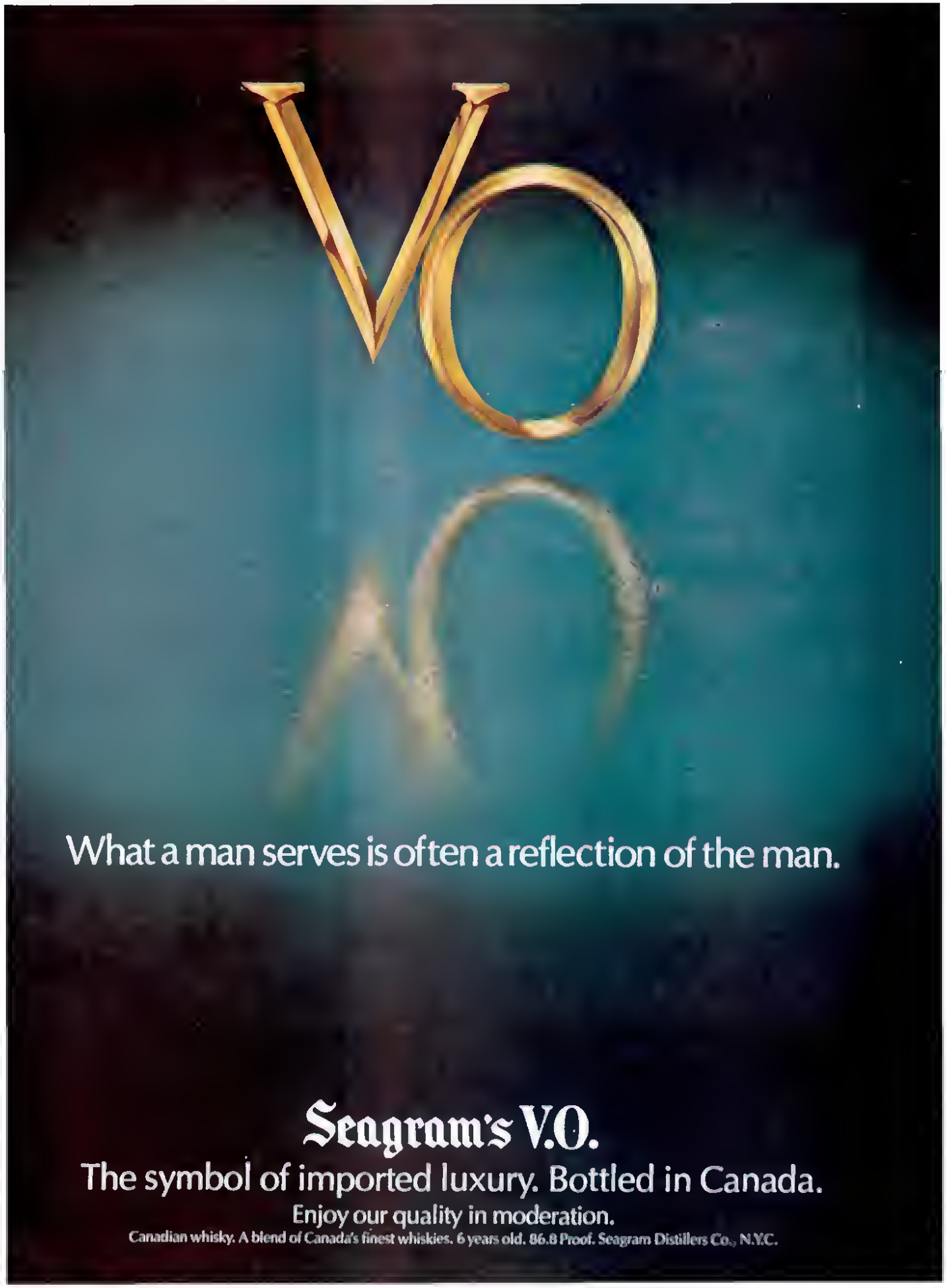
Reaching the final capped an astonishing turnaround for North Alabama, which was 8–7 and going nowhere fast following a galling 80–66 loss at home to Troy State on Jan. 22. The next day Jones reportedly blew his top at practice. "Oh, I just told them kind of loudly that they could give a little more," he says. Assistant Coach Tommy Suitts took Oden aside and told him to start shooting whenever he was open. Oden did, and his average rocketed from six points a game to 20.2.

As a result, the Lions won nine of their next 11, losing on the road to Division I Tennessee State in overtime and to Livingston 78–77 on a shot that dropped at the buzzer. They finished 17–9 and in second place in the Gulf South Conference, and gained an at-large bid to the Division II regionals.

Of the 3,768 who turned out for the championship game, about 400 were Green Bay rooters, who kept chanting, "We got 'Bama." But they were drowned out by some 500 Lions supporters, who kept shouting, " 'Bama's got you." Which 'Bama did.

In defeat, Buss offered no excuses. "Throughout the tournament I told my kids, 'If you're going to play rotten, do it in the final, not in some regional.' "

Out on the court, swarms of North Alabama fans were dancing about. In the midst of the laughing faces a somber black woman, fiftyish, stood out. She was Martha Boddie and she was wiping tears from her face. —MIKE DELNAGRO


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by Peter Gammons

Wood bats drive him bats

Kirk Gibson, an All-America flanker at Michigan State, has been making a hit with the Tigers. The only problem with his new career is that he pines for aluminum

His number and name—23 GIBSON—are over his locker just like those of the other 45 players who dress in the Detroit Tigers' spring training clubhouse in Lakeland, Fla. Kirk Gibson's locker is readily identifiable for another reason as well. It's the one crammed with bats—thick handles, thin handles, hollow ends, powered ends. The Tiger manager, Les Moss, may call him "another Mickey Mantle," but for now the transition from great all-round athlete to major league baseball player is more complex than Gibson ever foresaw. Hence, the bats.



Speed and power kept Gibson's options open

Until he signed, put his $120,000 bonus into the bank and reported for minor league duty last June, Gibson, a left-hand-hitting centerfielder, had never swung anything but an aluminum bat. "It sounds silly," Gibson tells his college friends from Michigan State when they drop by, "but that's the first and most basic adjustment you make. Like everything else, it's not as easy as you figure. I'm still trying to find the right wood bat."

As far as the National Football League is concerned, it will be all right if Gibson never finds a bat. In the eyes of many scouts, he is the "best athlete available" in the upcoming draft, a 6' 3", 225-pound wide receiver the Patriots' Bucko Kilroy says is the "first legitimate 4.2/40 white man we've timed." The Seattle Seahawks scouting staff says that on a 1-to-8 rating scale, Gibson rates a 9.

If the NFL wants someone to blame for this guy trying to hit and throw balls instead of catching them, blame Darryl Rogers. He was Gibson's football coach at Michigan State. "A year ago Rogers suggested I go out for baseball so that I might have some bargaining power when the NFL draft came along," says Gibson. "I hadn't played since high school and really didn't do very well at first. Then I hit nine homers in four games, looked up in the stands and saw 25 scouts and suddenly realized what was happening." But Gibson made it clear that if a baseball team wanted to sign him, it would have to spend a lot of money and he would have to be allowed to return to East Lansing so that he could play football his senior year.

As a result, the teams with the first picks in the 1978 baseball draft didn't dare take Gibson. The Tigers, who picked 12th, did and promptly signed him to a contract. They also took out an insurance policy protecting them should Gibson get hurt in football.

Gibson survived the football season, leading the Spartans to a tie for the Big Ten title, setting school and conference receiving records, starring in the Hula and Senior Bowls and making most All-America teams. Michigan State was on probation, however, and Gibson got no national television exposure, so people in East Lansing like to tell you that Gil Brandt of the Dallas Cowboys said Kirk Gibson should have won the Heisman.

"I have football scouts tell me I'm crazy," Gibson says, "but they could offer me a million dollars and I wouldn't regret my decision. The average career in pro football is five to seven years. In baseball, it's 12 to 15. There are some things I don't like about pro football. I love contact, but there are guys in that league who instead of just playing the game are going for each other's heads."

Gibson found out in a hurry that it is a lot easier to hit .390 in the Big Ten than even in the Florida State League. "I started out something like 0 for 20," he says, referring to his first exposure to organized baseball last summer. "Making an error or striking out with the bases loaded is the same as dropping a bomb in the end zone, only I didn't drop many bombs, and when I did, at least I could go hit somebody on the next play."

"The toughest thing about professional baseball is learning to play every day. All of a sudden you're trying to adjust and at the same time trying to learn. I had to learn to use a wooden bat. With the aluminum ones, the grip is different and you can hit the ball off the fists and drive it, which leads to certain bad habits. I also had to get rid of some of the bulk across the chest that I'd built up for football. It hampered my throwing and, to a lesser degree, my flexibility in swinging the bat. But, most of all, you don't realize how much goes into mentally tying together the physical parts until you do it for a living."

Gibson played 54 games for Class A Lakeland last season, hitting .240 with 13 stolen bases, seven homers, 40 RBIs and 54 strikeouts. As agreed upon when

continued

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he signed, he was put on the Tigers' 40-man spring roster (another clause in his contract forbids his playing pro football). "I'm here with the idea that I can make this club," he said before the first intrasquad game. As he learned, the Tigers figured he was there for experience and knowledge. "Realistically we know he has to start off the season in Evansville, in Triple A," says President and General Manager Jim Campbell.

"Kirk has the same problems a lot of kids have," says Gates Brown, the Tiger hitting instructor. "He's got to learn to get out in front of the ball. He's used to being able to let the ball occasionally get in on him, and maybe those metal bats would still allow him to hit. Well, here it's getting in a lot quicker."

In the Tigers' opening exhibition game, Gibson got a chance to play left-field in the late innings. In his first at bat, he watched Boston rookie Pitcher Wilhelmus Remmerswaal nibble around to a 3-and-1 count, jumped on a fastball and drove it 450 feet over the scoreboard in right. "That's just an indication of what Kirk can do," said Campbell. "He's the greatest combination of power and speed I've seen in a long, long time."

But as spring training progressed, Gibson sat on the bench most of the time. He's been to the plate only eight times since his homer. Six of those times he struck out. "He knew and we knew it would take work," says Campbell. "But speed makes up for a lot, and I'm not sure anyone can run with Kirk."

As Gibson hit until his hands blistered and bled on one field of the baseball complex called Tigertown, on an adjacent field an old friend of his worked out with the University of Michigan squad, a young man who is facing the same kind of decision Gibson made. His name is Rick Leach, and he was the Wolverines' starting quarterback for four years, during which he accounted for 81 touchdowns. Like Gibson, Leach is also an All-America outfielder. He outhit Gibson last year to win the Big Ten batting crown at .404, the first .400 hitter at Michigan since former Tiger Catcher Bill Freehan in 1960, but Leach is waiting to see how he does in the NFL draft before deciding whether to play pro football or baseball. "Kirk and I talk a lot about it and what it's like in baseball," says Leach. "You know what the first piece of advice he gave me was? Find myself a wooden bat." **END**

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by Steve Raymond

Hello, Dolly, it's so nice to have you back

The Dolly Varden, once considered a trash fish, is now a bonus in the West



If ever a fish was wrongly named, it is surely the Dolly Varden. I mean, colorful names like rainbow or cutthroat trout at least give some idea of what those fish look like; pragmatic names like Arctic char tell not only what kind of fish it is but also where it lives. But Dolly Varden? What kind of a name is that? For that matter, what kind of a fish is it?

Well, the Dolly Varden is a fish that wealthy industrialists or beer barons won't travel a thousand miles to catch before partaking of cocktails on the veranda of a private lodge. It's a fish that guys with red necks and gun racks in their pickups won't even drive 20 miles to catch before popping open a few cans of brew at the local dive. It's a fish hardly anyone ever talks about, one that seems to have few followers or friends.

Yet there *are* some anglers who fish for Dolly Varden, and perhaps one reason they don't talk about it much is that they've learned it can get them in trouble. After all, when you tell your wife you're going out to try to catch some Dollys, how can you expect her to believe you're going fishing?

The Dolly Varden is a char, a close kin of the Arctic char and a cousin of the Eastern brook trout. It dwells in rivers and lakes on the Pacific Coast from Northern California to Alaska, and inland through parts of Idaho, Montana, Utah and Nevada. There are numerous seagoing populations throughout the northern part of the fish's natural range, but the Dolly Varden do not migrate long distances like the steelhead and salmon with whom they share many rivers. Instead, they mostly hang around the estuaries, waiting to mug any small fish or other unsuspecting prey that happens along.

They are husky, trout-shaped fish that are similar in color to other chars. Their backs are dark green, sometimes with faint worm-track vermiculations, and their flanks are pale yellow or olive with distinctive red and yellow spots. The leading edges of their pectoral and ventral fins are white, though less vivid than the ivory etchings on a brook trout's fins. Fresh sea-run fish are invariably bright silver with faint red and yellow spots.

The Dolly Varden's scientific name is *Salvelinus malma*, although in past periods of taxonomic confusion it also has been known as *Salvelinus parkei* and *Salvelinus spectabilis*. Early white settlers called it the "red-spotted salmon trout," an eminently sensible and descriptive name, except that the Dolly Varden is neither a salmon nor a trout. Untroubled by such considerations, the Nisqually Indians referred to the Dolly as pus-sutch, and the Klallam Indians called it com-mah-mah, either of which is at least as descriptive as Dolly Varden.

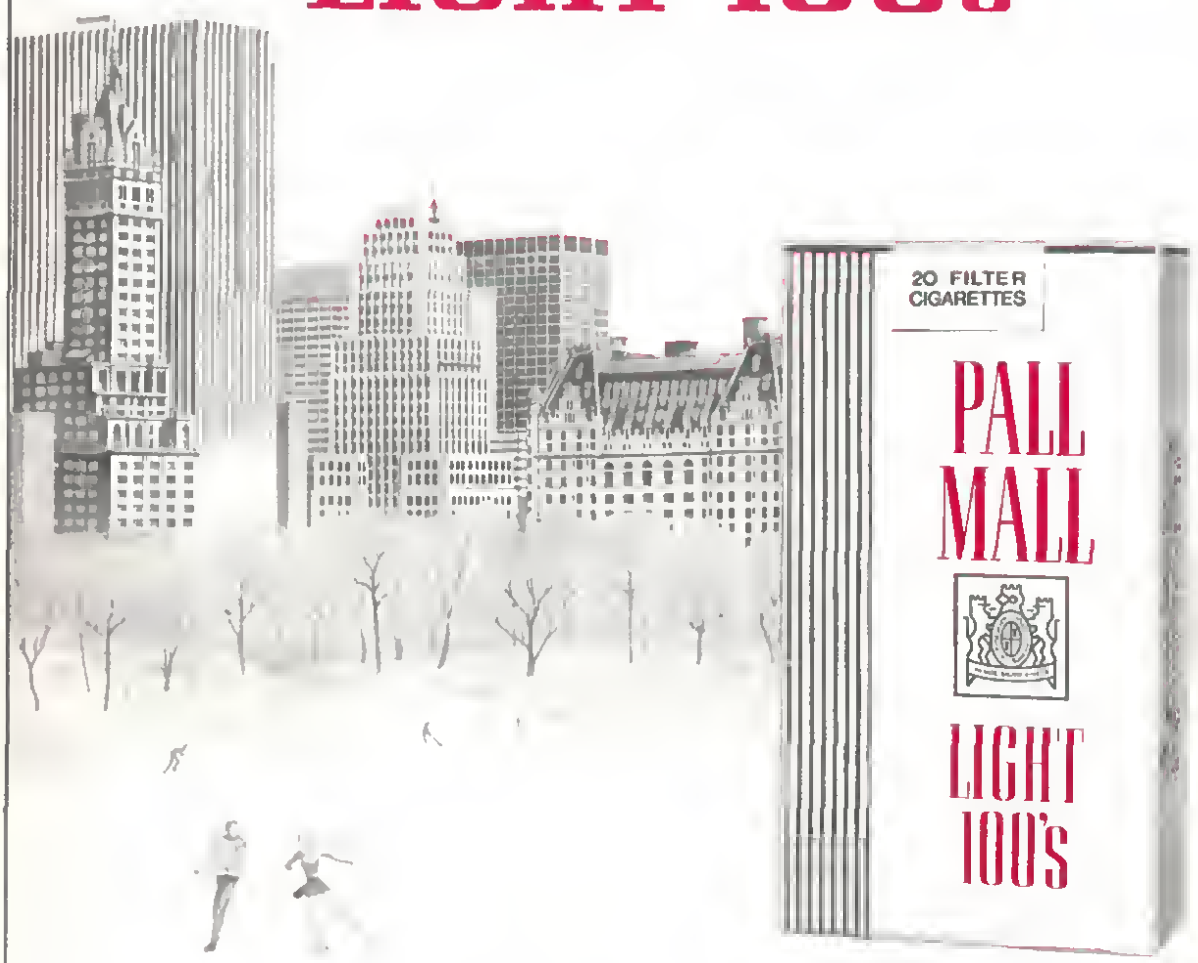
So who was Dolly Varden? She was a leading character in Charles Dickens' novel *Barnaby Rudge*, and a right pert lass she was, too. The daughter of a locksmith, Dolly was a beautiful, saucy flirt who left a trail of broken hearts through 72 chapters. To quote Dickens:

"When and where was there ever such a plump, roguish, comely, bright-eyed, enticing, bewitching, captivating, maddening little puss in all this world, as Dolly...! How many coachmakers, saddlers, cabinet-makers, and professors of other useful arts, had deserted their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and, most of all, their cousins, for the love of her...! How many young men, in all previous times of unprecedented steadiness, had turned suddenly wild and wicked for the same reason, and, in an ecstasy of unrequited love, taken to wrench off door-knockers and invert the boxes of rheumatic watchmen! How had she recruited the king's service, both by sea and land, through rendering desperate his loving subjects between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five! How many young ladies had publicly professed, with tears in their eyes, that for their tastes she was much

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Sports Illustrated
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

too short, too tall, too bold, too cold, too stout, too thin, too fair, too dark—too everything but handsome! How many old ladies, taking counsel together, had thanked Heaven their daughters were not like her, and had hoped she might come to no harm, and had thought she would come to no good." You get the idea.

What has all this got to do with a fish? To quote Dickens again:

"As to Dolly, there she was again, and the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-colored mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood, a little straw hat trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one side—just enough in short to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious milliner devised." When Dickens toured the U.S. some time after publication of *Barnaby Rudge*, Dolly Varden hats became as popular as jogging suits are now, and one of the most popular was a calico pattern with pink spots. According to legend, some young lady who was very much into hats was shown a freshly caught char and promptly exclaimed that it was a regular "Dolly Varden trout." The name stuck, and the Dolly Varden doubtless is the only fish ever named after a hat.

Still, it seems a long step from the beauteous Dolly Varden of Charles Dickens to a fish whose second-most-popular name is bull trout. It's not that the Dolly Varden isn't a handsome fish; it's just that it has some habits that have given it something of a bad reputation.

The Dolly Varden is not wary or graceful like a trout; it's a voracious feeder, a vacuum cleaner of river bottoms. It gobbles up the eggs of salmon and steelhead and their hatching fry as well. It even has been known to eat mice, moles, frogs and small birds. It is extremely vulnerable to all angling methods, but especially to bait and spoons. Often it is caught by steelhead fishermen, and its fight pales in comparison with that of the steelhead or any other trout. The Dolly Varden rarely jumps, preferring instead to fight in a series of short rushes. Dollys of two to five pounds are common, and fish of more than 10 pounds are not exceptional in Alaskan waters. Though fish of such size will put a healthy bend in any rod, they seldom fight as long as their size would indicate.

At one time there was a widespread [illegible] that the Dolly Varden was an evil creature whose habit of eating fish eggs and small fish posed a threat to the survival of salmon and steelhead. Overlooking the fact that salmon and steelhead had somehow managed to survive for thousands of years despite the predatory habits of the Dolly Varden, anglers began a sort of informal campaign to eradicate the species. Because it was easy to catch, it was caught and killed in wholesale quantities, and logging-camp inhabitants frequently joined in the fun by dynamiting pools in which Dollys were known to congregate. It wasn't long before the Dolly Varden became relatively scarce in rivers south of the Canadian border.

But nowadays, when even the snail darter is grudgingly conceded a right to life, there is a somewhat more benevolent attitude toward the Dolly Varden. Its numbers are gradually increasing, and some anglers even have begun to assign a sporting value to it, especially when there aren't any steelhead around—as increasingly there are not.

The Dolly Varden is a fall spawner, sea-run fish begin to enter the rivers in September, close on the heels of the fall salmon runs. Spawned-out kelts recover rapidly and return to the sea in the spring, and there is an increasingly popular April fishery in the Skagit estuary of Washington.

My first encounter with a Dolly Varden came while fishing for steelhead in the North Fork of the Stillaguamish about 60 miles south of Seattle. My fly was taken at the tail of a riffle by a strong fish that ran well, and I thought surely it was a steelhead. But the fish broached at the end of its run, and I caught a glimpse of green and gold and knew immediately it was no steelhead. It proved to be a fat, handsome Dolly, whose uncharacteristically vigorous fight was a result of the fact that my fly was stuck in its dorsal fin rather than in its mouth.

"Hello, Dolly," I said to it as I removed the fly from its fin and returned it to the river. It didn't look anything like any hat I ever saw.

Since then I have caught Dolly Varden all the way to Alaska, where they are extremely numerous and are still sometimes regarded as something of a nuisance. I've even coaxed a few sea-run Dollys to take a dry fly, although such an esoteric act seems against their general principles.

My strangest experience with a Dolly

continued

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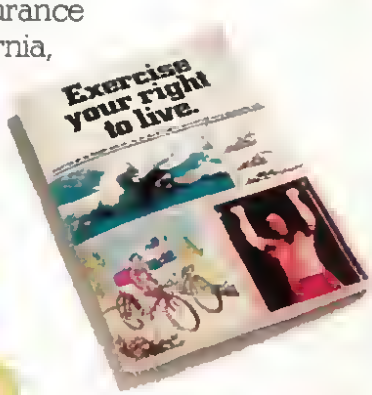
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Varden came while dry-fly fishing for summer steelhead. The fly had just touched down after a long cast across a pool when a six-inch steelhead smolt rose and took it. Immediately I gave slack, in hopes that the little fish would not hook itself, but a gentle tugging on the line soon signaled that it had. I stripped in line rapidly, hoping to release the fish as quickly as possible but not paying much attention to it, when suddenly there was a much stronger pull on the line.

Looking down through the clear water of the pool, I was amazed to see that I was made fast to a fish four times as long as the one that had taken my fly, a fish that was twisting and turning powerfully in the current. Slowly I played the fish until I could see its jaws were clamped around the six-inch smolt that had risen to the fly. The fish was only an arm's length away when it finally released its grip and swam past me, almost brushing against my waders—and I could see then that it was a big, mean-looking Dolly Varden, obviously disappointed at having to give up what it had thought would be an easy meal.

The Dolly never will be my favorite fish, but it has its place in the river and its presence has saved me from some blank days. It never will match the speed and power of a steelhead or a coho salmon, or even of a cutthroat, but nowadays it is something of a bonus to find Dolly Varden in rivers where once they were so scarce. And in these days of fewer fish and more fishermen, it is slowly becoming a target species in its own right. Maybe someday somebody will even write a book about Dolly Varden the fish instead of Dolly Varden the flirt.

Oh, by the way, in case you were wondering whatever became of the *other* Dolly Varden—she had a few bad moments but came through them all unscathed and ended up marrying some poor fellow named Joe, who long before had given up all hope of winning her. They lived happily ever after, and as Dickens wrote, "Go to Chigwell when you would, there would surely be seen, either in the village street, or on the green, or frolicking in the farm-yard . . . more small Joes and small Dollys than could easily be counted."

Life sometimes imitates art, and now in the rivers of the Northwest you will again find more small Dollys than can easily be counted. **END**



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Back on campus (left to right, top) Doug McIntosh, Fred Slaughter, Gail Goodrich and Kenny Washington, (bottom) Keith Erickson, Mahdi Abdul-Rahman (the former Walt Hazzard) and Jack Hirsch



THE TEAM OF '64

UCLA was just one more school with a basketball team until seven players introduced the Bruins to the art of winning by going 30–0 and taking the NCAA title

by FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

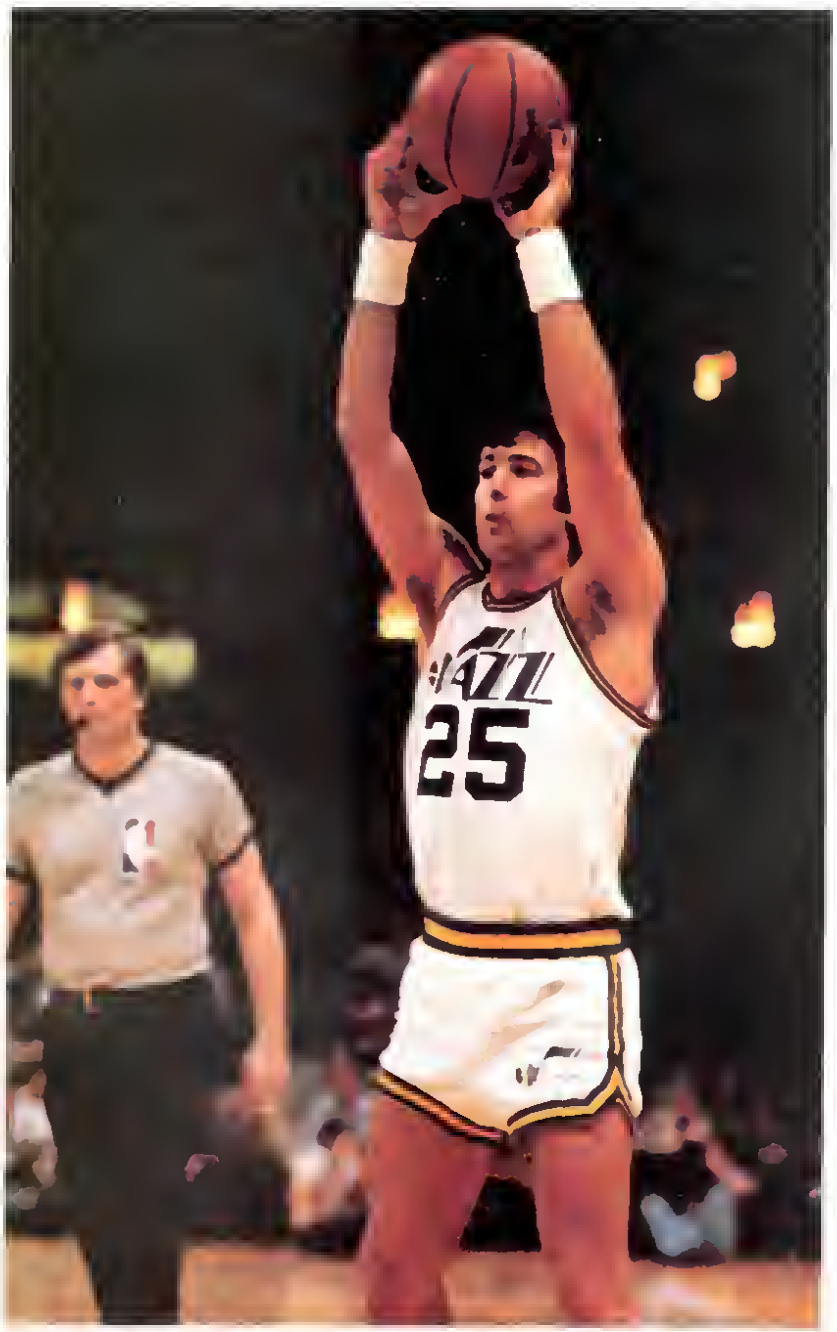
Anybody who has a long career—even just high school and college, that's long—would have a gap if they never won a championship. No one could feel complete as an athlete.
—JEFF MULLINS, *All-America, Duke '64*

Anyway, does it matter, this winning of games? Of course, for the moment, for the glory, for the fun of it, it is somewhat better than losing games. But does it count in the way that coaches—most of them, at least—swear that it does? Does it add to the quality of life, make for better Americans? Should we get bumper stickers made up saying: WINNERS MAKE BETTER. . . . What? What exactly do winners do besides win? This is not an original puzzlement. As far back as 22 centuries ago, one of the wiser Greeks concluded, "Those who know how to win are *much* more numerous than those who know how to make proper use of their victories." Which is to say that sometimes the AP and UPI polls cannot agree on who, much less what, is No. 1

Surely, winning must be more delicate, less crucial than it is made to seem in the pernicious credo of Vince Lombardi. If the necessity of winning were that critical, it would be too burdensome: we'd have to drop it by the wayside and forget about it altogether. And that doesn't seem to be the case. It appears that both the joy and the value of winning endure. Curiously, it might be that this is even more dear to those who only stood and watched others take up the challenge. "It's embarrassing," says Kenny Washington, who helped UCLA win a lot of games, "but oftentimes, still, people come up and tell you how your accomplishments give them fond memories. That's the hardest part of the hero thing."

For those who were in the fray, it seems that if you do win, victory itself does not remain as cherished as the trying. But when you do try and don't win, then what you have failed to achieve looms more imposingly than how valiantly you tried. This means, if it is true, that nobody ever really wins. You win only as a way to validate effort, to justify the foolishness of that grand contradiction, *playing hard*. Anyway . . .

UCLA basketball is now synonymous with victory. In the fall of 1963, however, UCLA had never won a national title, and John Wooden was an unassuming fellow who had been kicking around for years. The team had a center who stood just 6′ 5″. There was only one bona fide star, but he was a passer, not a big man or a big scorer. There were no JC



"You have to experience defeat to understand victory," says Goodrich, whose Jazz lose often

transfers, and the sophomores read that "no help was expected" from the freshman team. The Bruins were unranked.

Then they went undefeated, 30–0, whipping Duke in the NCAA championship game. That started the whole business. UCLA repeated the next year, and then Lew Alcindor came across the country and enrolled. Very quickly the Bruins became what is called a dynasty and Wooden a legend in his own time. UCLA won 10 titles in the last dozen years Wooden coached, through 1975, and no doubt it will win more, such being the bent of dynasties.

There were seven regulars on that '64 club. It is 15 years later, and they're all grown men, in their mid-30s, old enough to look back with maturity and perspective, yet not so old as to get all soupy and sentimental. They are a good bunch to talk to, too, because there was no dominant player. They all figured in the action. They pressed all over the court, and needed each other to get the job done. The '64 Bruins were as good at playing as a team as any club you'll ever see.

They were, too, quite different from one another. "They really didn't get along that well except on the court," Wooden recalls. Doug McIntosh, the backup center, is a minister near Atlanta now, and he has sometimes gone to Hawks' games when Gail Goodrich, the leading scorer for the '64 Bruins, has come to town with the opposition. McIntosh is married to one of Goodrich's old girl friends. "I saw Gail play a few games, and I thought about going down to see him after the game, but...." McIntosh shrugs. The connection was the team.

They came from all over. Goodrich was the only one who had spent his whole life in Southern California. One was a high school star in Kansas, although he was a native Californian; a couple were country boys from Kentucky and South Carolina; there was a Jewish kid who grew up in Brooklyn; and there was Walt Hazzard, the leader, the street-smart reverend's son from Philly. One was married. Two or three drank beer. There were three seniors, two juniors, two sophs; three blacks, four whites. Only a couple of them had been heavily recruited. None had ever heard of Madame Nhu or Ho Chi Minh. One of them fell in love with a cheerleader that winter.

In the 15 years that have rushed by, here is what has happened to them. Three played pro ball and four didn't. One of the seven served in the Army. The one who was married got divorced and remarried, and five of the other six have married and remain so. There is one bachelor. The two who would seem to have accomplished the most outside basketball are the two centers, who were the least accomplished as players. They are also the only two who are overweight. Six have graduated, one only last year, and another is now finishing law school at night. One is "semiretired." One smokes little cigars. Two underwent religious conversions. Only one left Southern California. All told, they have 18 children, ages 14 to two. By and large they don't care much for competition, having had quite enough, and by and large they are happy. They don't think winning the national championship has meant much to their lives in the long run. They say it has had nothing to do with their being happy. Much more than the title, they remember each other and the coach, and when they were brought back to UCLA the other day to pose for the group picture on pages 70–71, they all acted much the way they had 15 years ago, which is to say that the quiet ones were silent, the leader took charge, the cynic looked askance, the observers observed, and, in the end, they all worked it out.

A lot of people thought we were cocky, but Wooden told us: be confident, not cocky. We knew we were going to win, and I think that carried over—because we did win—and gave me confidence in making decisions in life. But you have to experience defeat to really understand victory. The year before, when I was a sophomore, we lost seven games by something like 20 points. Having had that year made the winning experience better. I learned a lot of things at that time. People say: but they were just games. And they were. But they were satisfying. After a while, you knew exactly what you were going to do and what everybody around you was going to do. And that's a real accomplishment. As a team, we affected the whole game of basketball, and what made us good as a team carried on over into the rest of my life.

—GAIL GOODRICH, *Shooter*



'All-American wins championship, marries cheerleader. I did it all in 1964,' says Abdul-Rahman

Goodrich will be 36 next month, but he still plays, now with the New Orleans Jazz. He's the oldest player in the NBA, the last of the war babies in satin shorts. He could always shoot it, he's a lefty, durable. He grew late. He was barely five feet tall in junior high, and he was only 5' 8", 120 pounds when he finally became a starter midway through his junior season in high school. He didn't really get to become a teen-ager until he was 20 or 21 years old, and that saves a lot of emo-

continued

tional wear and tear. Over the long haul, the best way to mature is to catch on early but grow up late. Because Goodrich was always little, he never had to play anything but guard. "I can't drive to the basket anymore," he says, "but I never was fast, and I've always tried to play with an understanding of my limits. I still prepare for a game the same way as ever, napping in the afternoon. This goes back to UCLA. My contract is up after this season, but I don't know, we'll see. I still like to play the game. I still like to bounce the ball."

The other two Bruins who made the pros also played for many seasons, and they remain the most involved in basketball. Hazzard, who converted to Islam and is known as Mahdi Abdul-Rahman, wants terribly to get a shot at coaching. He coaches kids' teams in L.A. just to work at it, stay in the game. Keith Erickson, the classic fraternity man who has become an evangelical Christian, is a TV announcer, doing the NBA on CBS and local games in Los Angeles.

It might seem surprising, but the three players' prolonged involvement with the pros does not appear to have diminished their feelings about their college championship. Goodrich is the only one of the seven who acknowledges that something concrete devolved from winning —one word: "publicity"—but neither he nor Erickson nor Abdul-Rahman feels the value of the NCAA title has been lessened by their having subsequently played hundreds of games for a livelihood.

Like first love, it seems that if any memorable moment of youth is precious enough, it retains its special value, no matter how much what follows may duplicate it. The nature of the person, not the fact that he did or did not continue to play, seems to have determined how deeply, how affectionately he treasures the triumphs of his college years. For example, if you could weigh it on a scale, it would seem that Goodrich, who has played more than a thousand games since college, and McIntosh, who has played exactly none, both hold the '64 championship in the same regard. But McIntosh says that his greatest thrill in basketball was going to the state tournament in high school, and Goodrich's "basketball high" was playing on the '72 Laker team that won 33 in a row. But neither Lily (Ky.) High nor the Lakers intrudes on the memory of UCLA '64—or the other way round, either. It's all just games.

What Erickson remembers most fondly about the pros was the Phoenix team he played on in 1976, the one that finished the regular season barely above .500 and then went all the way to the finals before losing a magnificent struggle to the Celtics. "Phoenix was just as good an experience as UCLA," Erickson says. Just as good? "Yeah, sure."

But you didn't win at Phoenix, you got beat in the finals. You won at UCLA. "Well, it was just as good, because we all gave the best we could, and that's what you love about it."

What I missed in the pros was playing with a coherent philosophy, as we did for Coach Wooden. And then I missed never getting a championship. I regret that because I liked winning a championship, being considered a champion. But looking back, back at UCLA, I'm even prouder of the attitude we established there. And I think I had as much to do with that as any player. I was the passer and, when you have one player passing, it becomes contagious. Nobody ever expected us to win, but we knew we were never out of it if we stayed together. That was the attitude. We were so sharp, so determined. You knew everybody would be there. I guess you spend your whole life looking to be covered like we were that year.

—MAHDI ABDUL-RAHMAN, *Playmaker*

Hazzard was the star, the captain, the catalyst. He was also the only senior who planned to make basketball his career. "Basketball was Abdul-Rahman," Washington says. "He knew what he wanted, and he was sufficiently sophisticated to obtain it. But he was also willing to help anyone he could." And the unique experience was to mean the most to him. Four of the other regulars would win a second championship the next year, and Goodrich and Erickson would also play on that 1971-72 Laker title team. But, as Abdul-Rahman recounts in his smoky voice, he was never to win again; '64 was the only season it all came together, everything. "All-American wins championship, marries cheerleader," he says. "I did it all that year."

By contrast, Abdul-Rahman's pro career was seldom very gratifying, attitude and passing being viewed as superfluous commodities in the NBA, and at the end, when he should have gotten some kind of coaching job, he is sure that he was blackballed because of his new religion. He became a social worker and then last year went back to UCLA full time to complete his degree. Now he is involved in various projects, but all he really wants to do is coach. Abdul-Rahman would seem to be a natural: smart at basketball, good with people. But the Moslem thing aside, he never played for a champion in the pros, and people who hire look to winners for coaches. For years the NBA has been



"Championships are no big deal," says Erickson. "After three to four years, nobody remembers

stocked with bad coaches who played for the Celtics.

This is especially ironic because Abdul-Rahman is the player most responsible for triggering the greatest winning tradition in college basketball. The system had always been there under Wooden. Abdul-Rahman brought the attitude onto the floor and bequeathed it to his successors. And it wasn't just that he passed the ball, gave it up. He was a glib city trick, a black getting a lot of attention as a personality at a time when that was still pretty rare. Hazzard could easily have remained unselfish on the court, played the altruistic bit for all it was worth, but off the court milked everything, played himself up. He didn't.

In fact, none of the teammates got a swelled head. "I was so crazy I didn't give anybody a chance to spoil me," Abdul-Rahman says, drawing on one of his little cigars. "All I thought about was the team I mean, I used to love to go to practice. And when we got to be No. 1, I liked it even better. You got to pay the cost to be the boss."

It has been only 15 years since these seven won their title, but Southern California was less defiled then, more glamorous and innocent. And UCLA itself: they filmed all the college movies there. It was the nation's fantasy campus, a perennial *Good News*: star athletes and stacked coeds singing and dancing in letter sweaters. UCLA was already a large campus, but nothing like the separate nation it is today. People still referred to Westwood, the UCLA section of Los Angeles, as a "village," and the students at Southern Cal put the whole place down as a "high school." It was so very uncomplicated. The ROTC thrived, and blacks were viewed as, well, guests. There were only about a hundred on campus, and once Hazzard was accosted and reprimanded by an assistant football coach for daring to stroll along in the company of a white girl.

UCLA didn't even have an arena. The Bruins had to play downtown, next to the USC campus, in the city's sports center. The champs-to-be practiced in an old gym that had no air conditioning. Wooden called off workouts twice that year, once because the smog got so bad inside the gym that the players couldn't make out the far basket. But nobody had heard much about emission standards and irritating things like that. It would soon be 1964, but temperamentally it was still the '50s, and for the Bruins, life, like oil, would go on forever. That is not to say that some of the players didn't live off that land of honey and honey. Washington, the bashful sophomore from South Carolina, remembers that he was absolutely undone when he learned that Erickson, *God's great athlete, soiled* the temple of his body by consuming beer. Jack Hirsch, the other starting forward, was even more adult, being wealthy and married, and Wooden tolerated Hirsch calling him J.W. instead of Coach—or, as McIntosh recalls, so long as Hirsch kept a smile on his face. But winning didn't transform any of them. In team sports, it doesn't really matter whether the individuals are monks or barbarians, sweethearts or sybarites. What counts is that everybody's character stays the same, that a pattern is maintained. On the Bruins, things did stay the same.

"As we traveled around," Erickson says, "as we kept on winning and getting to be a big deal, more and more people would come up and say how great it must be. People around us thought it was much greater than we did. I was just having a good time. It was perfect. We were naive on the one hand, and on the other we were kind of arrogant. There was the California mystique, the pretty girls, all that, the attention was all there, but I just wasn't keyed that way."

The other time Wooden called off practice that year was just before the season started, when the President was killed. Very quickly things were going to change, but through the first part of '64 it was still the good old days. It was, at least in California, the last season of the

continued



My senior year, when we didn't win the NCAAs, was the great experience," says Washington.

good old days. "You got to remember, times were so different then," Hirsch says. "I mean, you take basketball. Abdul was the greatest passer ever to come out of college, and the pros signed him for around $15,000. So I didn't have any aspirations about playing pro. Sports has deteriorated so since then. The owners are all greedy and monopolistic, the rich ones strangling the poor. The players are 100% better in talent, but it's all playground, nothing analytical. Who wants to see that? And all of them, owners and players, are completely egotistical and place winning above everything. I won't let my kids play organized sports—and they're good athletes, too.

"But everything has changed. It was so carefree then. Remember? The dissenters, the drugs, the war, all that hadn't come along yet. I was just having some fun and playing basketball. Life was fun. You've got to figure life is a joke, or it'll eat you up alive. I was just a screw-off. You could be a screw-off then. There was still a place for screw-offs."



'What I got out of basketball was college,' says Hirsch (top). 'Our success was based on acquiring an understanding of roles,' says Slaughter

I never gave a thought to the next day then. I was just a piece of balsa, floating. I played volleyball, surfed. The beach—it was my heaven on earth. Sure, I was an intense competitor, but I didn't need it. Once I stopped playing, I lost the edge. Competition is no longer my idea of fun. But the great thing now, looking back, is having played for John Wooden. Championships are no big deal. The NCAA, the NBA, you get a watch or something and after three, four years, nobody remembers. So to have been on an NCAA championship team really doesn't mean anything. But now I know that what was important was playing for Wooden, because he was a wise man, a great man. Of course, I didn't know that at the time. He wasn't any big deal to me. I didn't listen to anything he said.

—KEITH ERICKSON, *Safetyman*

To take advantage of the team's agility and to compensate for its lack of height, Wooden utilized his 2-2-1 zone press, a tactic he had used extensively the year before, almost exclusively in 1964. Goodrich was assigned to the left front, with Fred Slaughter, the center, at the right. They would usually let the opponent throw the ball in unmolested. About 80% of the time the ball would go to the left, and Slaughter would pop over and double-team. Hazzard was stationed behind Goodrich, halfway between the foul lane and the sideline, with Hirsch alongside of him, and Erickson roved far back, playing safety. The idea was not to steal the ball. The idea was for the front men to harass the man with the ball sufficiently to make him stop his dribble in backcourt. Then he had to pass, and the 10-second clock was ticking. Hazzard would move up, cutting off any opponent who tried to come back and help out. Hirsch would pick up the next rival, usually a big man trying to double back. Stay in front, clog the outlets, make them throw it long.

Erickson was the keystone. He was a fantastic athlete, "almost surely the best I ever coached," according to Wooden. He made the Olympics in volleyball, and he might have become a major league shortstop. Long-legged, he could jump and run all day, and he was all the more effective because he did it so effortlessly, without expression. He doesn't play any games anymore, but he talks as he played, languidly, almost hypnotically. He is so pale and soft, so removed, it is almost as if he is not there. On the press, he swooped about like a specter.

Listen, you wouldn't believe that anyone could play a position, could do a single thing much better than Erickson played safety in the UCLA press. Name a specialty—putt, punt, volley, field grounders—nobody who saw him could ever imagine that any athlete was ever much better at his thing than Erickson was at backing up the press. As people like to remember it, he never made a mistake back there. He never gambled and went for a steal when he didn't pull it off. If he played it safe, if the opposition got the ball upcourt, he would singlehandedly hawk them to rest, holding continued



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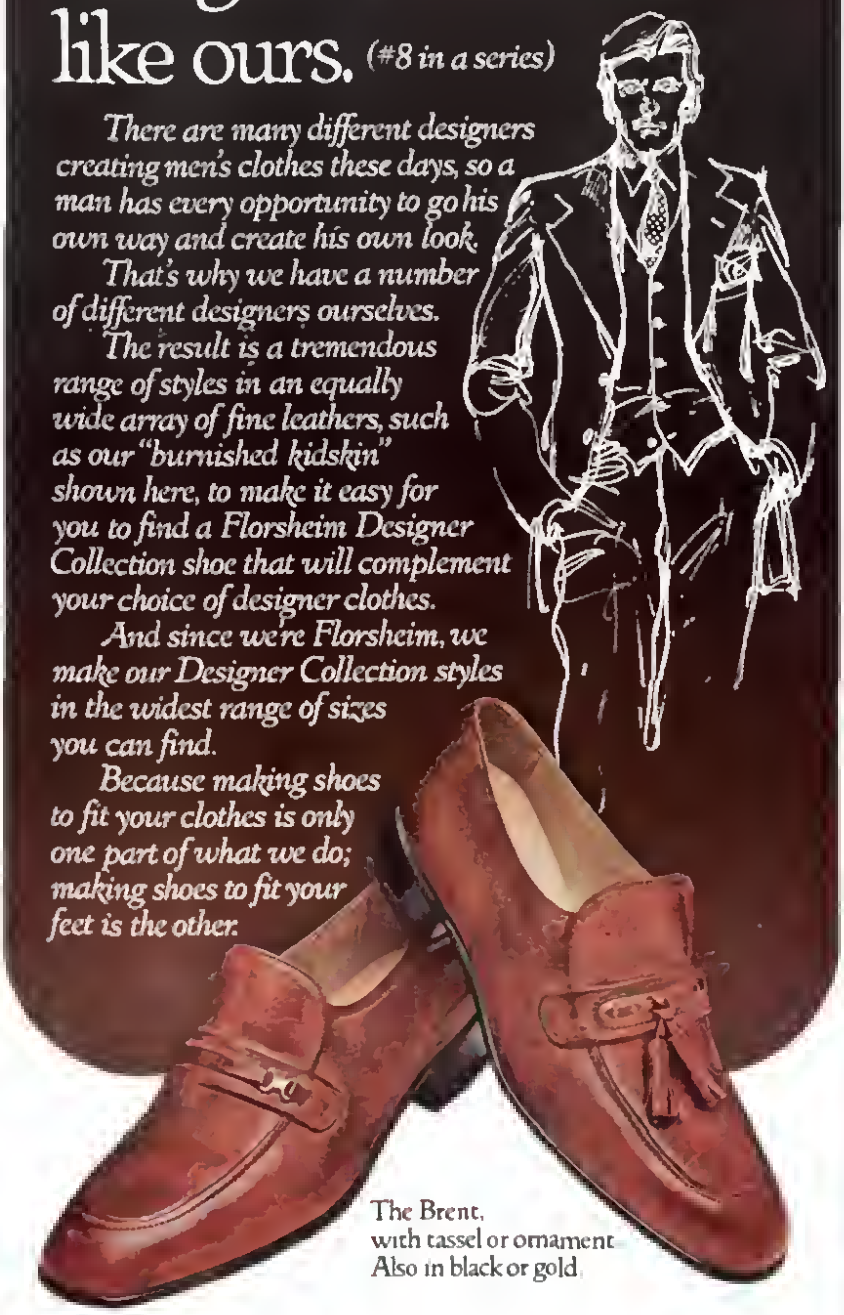
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continued

them at bay until the other Bruins joined him.

UCLA had a certain way of winning; all of a sudden, using their press, the Bruins would crack you. It was an explosion. They beat Duke that way in the NCAA finals. Duke was ahead 30–27, and then—zap! the press got to the Blue Devils. UCLA scored 16 straight points in 2:40 and went on to win 98–83. The rest of the game was even. The epitome of team play was required, not only because everybody had to work together—that's self-evident—but also because everybody had to maintain patience and trust. Sometimes it would be late in the game before the press would detonate, and in the meantime any of the Bruins *could have messed it all up by getting* anxious, going one-on-one, falling out of character. The press could only work as an article of faith.

The one who suffered most in the system was the only one who had been heavily recruited. That was Slaughter, the senior center. He had had 104 scholarship offers. In high school in Kansas and then with the UCLA freshmen, Slaughter was the high scorer. He was *fed* the ball. He was a real hotshot, a leading scorer on the freshman track team, too.

But he wasn't outstanding in any one event in track, and at 6′ 5″ he was too small to be a center, so, as his career wore on, he was reduced more and more to staying in the high post, setting screens, doing the semiskilled labor. "Of all the players, I was the one who suffered most by the molding of strengths and weaknesses," Slaughter says. "And I'll tell you, it was hard to take. There's nobody who doesn't want to score, and it took the edge off it for me. But how could I question it? It was successful."

All right, be honest, was it better to win as a team or would it have been personally more rewarding to be the high-scoring star of a team that merely did O.K.? Slaughter looks away. He thinks about that. He is a sports attorney, assistant dean of the law school at UCLA *and the most intellectual—probably the* smartest—of the seven. He isn't going to give a Pollyanna answer. The scoring thing ate at him so that his teammates knew that he screened and picked so effectively, sometimes viciously (even in practice), out of frustration. Finally Slaughter speaks deliberately, as if he is giving a client a very considered opin-

continued

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continued



McIntosh "It has no bearing on who I am now"

ion: "O.K., on balance, on balance, I would have preferred to have played on the winning team, like I did." But then, quickly leaning forward and speaking with more emphasis, he adds a large footnote, "But don't let that diminish what I said about wanting to score more."

I grew up in Beaufort, South Carolina, the sixth of seven children. My father was a Marine sergeant, and my parents preached dignity and integrity for all. The only offer I had was from South Carolina State, a black college, but I dreamed of competing against the best. Luckily, when I visited Philadelphia one summer, I played against Walt Hazzard, and he told UCLA about me. Sort of. He told them I was 6' 5", 230. I was about 6' 2½", 165. Abdul-Rahman, bless his heart, he didn't have to do it.

I was in absolute culture shock when I arrived at UCLA. I saw things that I didn't know existed. It was like turning on my television set. California! It was more than I ever could have dreamed. And the campus—it was bigger than my whole town. Smokin' Joe Frazier was from Beaufort, too, and he was just a country dude, just another guy. I had never talked to white people before, and my accent was so bad that when I said I came from South Carolina, they thought I meant South America. They couldn't believe I came from the United States.

And then, '64, that was just more of a Hollywood dream. It wasn't part of life. My senior year saved me. We worked harder, did more, but Zeus just decided that it wouldn't work out. That year was the great experience. Not the ones we won when I was a sophomore and a junior. The senior season, when we missed, that was the precious one. Otherwise, I might take myself too seriously.

—KENNY WASHINGTON, *Fill-in*

Around that time, when Washington came across the country on a bus, everybody was still pouring into California, and it looks like they were right to do so, because through last weekend neither an earthquake nor a vengeful Jehovah had split the place apart. And then as now, it's a wonderful land for games, so ideal, in fact, that the citizens often confuse their pastimes with the rest of life. Quickly now, which one of those nice men is coach of the Lakers and which one is coach of the taxpayers? Is that Jerry Brown or Jerry West? It seems that the people who work there identify themselves as being either in "the industry" or in "the business." One or the other. The former is films, the latter records. Everything else has to do with the weather.

UCLA had traditionally stocked its basketball team with *Ozzie and Harriet* extras until circumstances in '64 conspired to deliver a bunch of players from the East. Four showed up in Southern California to go to college. Hirsch, who had grown up in Brooklyn, where he went to an 80%-black school, had moved to L.A. when he was 14. Now he is probably the most California of the seven, laid back. He never wears a tie. What are you doing these days, Jack? "A little of everything."

If he hadn't lived in New York, Hirsch probably wouldn't have been worth a damn to the team. He was still early Gotham cynical. Timid little Washington could not believe him. They would sit down at the training table, Washington drooling over the athletes' special repast, and Hirsch would shove government-inspected prime beef and potatoes away, saying, "I don't want this slop."

Hirsch had to play with enthusiasm, because he was a 6' 3½" forward who couldn't jump and, according to the graceful Erickson, "ran like a duck." Hirsch absolutely confounded Washington, who thought he could take away Hirsch's starting spot. "I found out that Jack was as much a genius, ounce for ounce, as I ever saw," Washington says. "He could take everything he wanted away from you, and you never even knew it. He played so you couldn't have your habits."

This is the kind of player that doesn't exist anymore; possibly, this kind of person doesn't exist anymore. It's guaranteed they don't exist in Southern California. You know what the trouble is? The trouble with growing up in California is that the instant you step off the curb, the traffic has to stop. That's the law. Kids grow up thinking they're inviolable when they cross streets. It's eerie: nobody walking around the UCLA campus ever looks to the side. Children who don't have to look around are a different breed.

Hirsch had company. Hazzard, his friend, made it a pair—"East Coast," they called him, slick not smooth, always coming down on somebody's case, razzing them, making them aware of human traffic. Then, at the other end of the spectrum, there were the backwoods kids, McIntosh and Washington, staggered by California, but properly respectful, though never awed on the court. It was a perfect mix.

This is not to say that Californians can't win. After a while, after the first five titles—Hazzard and Hirsch through Alcindor and Lucius Allen—UCLA started winning with local boys, just as USC dominates football and baseball with California players. Apparently, the seduction is not complete until after college. Eventually it sucks everybody down. The other day Abdul-Rahman was lamenting that he had put a few extra pounds on. Why? Because there's been more rain than usual. So what? Well, I can't play tennis if it rains. It's like a shaggy-dog story: take the carrot out of your ear. What?

No wonder then that though the collegians in L.A. are still disciplined enough to win, the pros cannot—not, it seems, at the end, in the crunch, when you have to look both ways. The Rams

must have perfect weather, and the Dodgers cannot manage if mean things are said to them by nasty-poo fans. Except for one year, the Lakers have always given it away. But then, perhaps it's proper that Los Angeles has to depend on its children for championships, because it is such a children's city; it is so naughty when it rains.

It is different in other places. "I learned in the South you can't make mistakes," Washington says. "You got to learn to do it, to get respect. You can't cry. O.K., playing on a winner, it's great. The success of the team made people think I had achieved more. But the way I had grown up, I wanted to be great for myself, too. I wanted to go against the best, beat them and be great against them. That was my dream." In the championship, against Duke, Washington came off the bench and scored 26, his high for the season.

I just played basketball because it was something I did well, and I had fun. I hated practice. It was a bore, so I just fooled around a lot. I was the odd Jew boy on the team. I sure never had any competitive drive out there. If I was very competitive, I'd be a multimillionaire today. I shoot some golf. I shoot around 80. I could do better, but I'd just frustrate myself in the process.

It was a fluke that I came to UCLA at all. I was having a great time in junior college—one of those places, I forget which, where I held all the records—and the next year I figured I'd go have some fun at ... what's that place, uh, Northridge State. But my father said, look, go to UCLA and I'll give up smoking. So I did, but he didn't quit, and he died of cancer.

I was 21 when he passed away, and I suddenly found myself with a lot of responsibility. For nine years I beat myself out. I was working too hard and jogging six miles a day on the beach. I got pneumonia and mono at the same time and almost died. Then a good friend of mine died in a fire. And about this time I got divorced, and I was playing around, drinking a lot, all that. But the one thing you can learn in college is to be organized. And what I got out of basketball was college. I got that. And I began to learn to cope with life better.

You can be more successful if you're organized and I consider myself successful now because I have peace of mind. It's like Mr. Wooden's famous quote, that success means you've done your best. That's peace of mind.

—JACK HIRSCH, *Handyman*

The most fascinating thing about the UCLA team was not that it fit together so perfectly but that it was formed out of such utter serendipity. Hirsch came because of a promise his father would break. Washington because Hazzard told a fib. Slaughter was unknown in California, but his mother lived out there and tipped off an alumnus she worked for. McIntosh was going to Tennessee, but the coach there lost his job, the school lost interest and an old friend called Wooden. Erickson was worth the gamble of only a half a basketball scholarship. Wooden was the only college coach to discern potential in little Goodrich.

Hazzard was a high-scoring high school All-America, but he was a 6′ 2″ forward, and UCLA was the only school outside of Philadelphia to pursue him. He went to an L.A. junior college for a year to get his grades up, but then he went back home, started hanging around with his old buddies again and decided to stay east. Jerry Norman, the UCLA assistant, phoned him. "School starts tomorrow, Walt." Hazzard said he'd think about it. His father, Walt Hazzard Sr., now the president of Philander Smith College, came home, heard about the call and said, "You told those people you'd be coming, didn't you, son?" And Hazzard said yes he had, and so that is why he went to UCLA and took along the attitude. It's nice to learn that a dynasty started in this way.

If ever there was an All-America team, this one was it. Nothing can match the maturation and camaraderie that I got from getting to know these guys. They're the same as ever, the ones I still see. I'm glad they're not complicated as individuals, but we were complicated as a team. We had a degree of toughness, but we also had poise. That's an unusual combination. Our success was based on acquiring an understanding of roles. There's something in that for us all, anywhere in society. That's not just what politicians talk about.

But I had had enough of basketball. I was a senior, and I knew it was time for me to leave sports. Sports is such a temporary thing. But I couldn't cut it right off completely. After college I'd go out to see Walt play with the Lakers. And when I got there I found I missed the action. Even though I didn't get the glory, I missed the action, and I'd find myself thinking, "Gee, I wonder if. . ."

—FREO SLAUGHTER *High-post Screen*

On any team, the members are all coming from different directions, will all soon be going different ways. They are only together for an instant. It is not just personalities and abilities that must mesh; the time must be right, too. Had all seven Bruins come back the next fall, it might not have worked. Washington would have had to get more playing time. McIntosh was ready to replace Slaughter as the starter. Could Goodrich have tolerated another year as the second banana in the backcourt? On a team, the time has to come together, too.

Slaughter and Goodrich characterized this most graphically. They had roomed together, the black senior and the white junior, but that season they passed each other like ships in the night—Slaughter going out of games, Goodrich evermore into them.

Goodrich's career is so patterned, so repetitive, that it appears to have been charted. At each stage he started tentatively, being skeptically viewed as too small, but went on to great heights. It was that way in school, in college, in the pros—Twig, Stumpy, Goody. There is talk now that, at his price, he may be over the hill. But really, can Gail Goodrich end his career with the dreadful Jazz, just drift away after the Milwaukee game on April 6? Impossible. There is something inexorable about little Goodrich. McIntosh says with some awe, "Gail is a guy who, to this day, has survived mostly on intensity." And he is, after all, still in double figures.

Double figures! For any kid who has ever played the game, no matter how old he is now, there is no more magic place to be than in double figures. Seriously now, if you had a choice, wouldn't you rather be in double figures than even in California?

Slaughter was the opposite of Good-

continued

rich. He was the early-maturing high school hero whose star progressively dimmed until, at the last, he left the athletic stage as a tragic figure. Slaughter came from Kansas City, and the 1964 NCAAs were played there that March before his old friends and family. But Wooden yanked him less than three minutes into the game, and when McIntosh did the job, Slaughter never got back in.

On the court that night, Goodrich was high scorer with 27 and he assumed the mantle from Hazzard. But poor Slaughter. He started 59 halves that season, but not the most important one, the last one, his last one ever. At the very acme of his team's success, Slaughter reached his nadir as a player. Afterward, many people did not know how to approach him, because they did not know what to say to him, they did *not* know whether he felt like a real winner. The team flew back to L.A. "When we got in," Slaughter recalls, "I just got off the plane by myself. I remember all the people celebrating, going to Walt and Gail, and I just walked right on by and went home."

That was the way his athletic career ended. But, of course, it wasn't any sort of real tragedy, because Slaughter has gone on to success in the rest of his life. If he had been a big deal in K.C., maybe it would have encouraged him to waste a lot of time working out and scrounging after gee-if dreams. It's a good bet that more athletes have loused up their lives gee-iffing than they have chasing women or running restaurants. There was a certain poetic justice to what happened to Slaughter. Of them all, he sacrificed the most for the team, and at the end he didn't contribute a thing, but the team made him a winner.

Besides being the assistant dean of the UCLA law school, Slaughter also represents several pro basketball and football players. Hirsch has put on muscles lifting weights, but Slaughter has gotten what you call "heavy-set," and McIntosh is taking on the prosperous look of an Episcopalian vicar, which he is not. He has an independent, evangelical parish, the Stone Mountain Community Church, outside Atlanta. "I always wanted to start a church from scratch," he says. There are 300 worshipers, and they just got a plot of land, and someday they may have their own building. For now, they must hold the services in the DeKalb Community College auditorium. But a church is not uppermost in the Rev. Mr. McIntosh's mind. He spends half his working life with his parishioners, half in preparation for his pastoral responsibilities.

"It's important for me to know who my people are," he says, "but I need the study time so I'll be sure to keep teaching them *eternal* things." He wears a gray suit, black shoes and brown socks, and of all the '64 Bruins he knows himself the best.

Washington, the other sophomore, had McIntosh's introspection and Goodrich's intensity; he found he could play against the best, beat the best, but he was *not* quite the best himself. It took him a while to get it out of his system. "You know what you miss?" he says. "You miss the tingling body." He played in Belgium after UCLA and then in the Army. Later he coached the UCLA women's team. But one day Washington decided that basketball could no longer fit into his life. "It's over," he thought. "Hey, this part is over." He is going to law school at night now, studying to be a tax lawyer. He is as lithe and baby-faced as ever, and he is also the only one who has never married.

As Washington embarks on a new phase of his life, Hirsch has already been what he calls "semiretired" for five years. His family had money from leading the bowling boom into Southern California. Now he and his wife run a couple of salons, named Hair Unlimited, and he invests in various enterprises. He also invented a device known as an air adapter, which is used to inflate the inside tires of trucks and recreational vehicles.

Hirsch, the iconoclast, the one who took it all the lightest, who screwed up at practice, is the one who dares speak of what they did as especially meaningful. "Of course, there's great self-satisfaction," he says. "Winning is a means to an end, it's an accomplishment, and I'm not afraid of accomplishment. I can look back and think: it was a success, wasn't it? *We* were successful."

None pretends that the victory did not matter. McIntosh could not sleep after UCLA beat Duke, so, finally, he got up and went down to the hotel lobby in Kansas City, where four or five of the other players were also sitting around, breathing it in. "It was a wonderful experience," McIntosh remembers, "but it's so hard to consider anything out of perspective. I mean, compare it to what I'm doing now, and it becomes absolutely insignificant. But is that fair? Never forget that I'm the answer to the trivia question: who preceded Abdul-Jabbar as the UCLA center?" He laughs. He has a pastor's manner, at once revealing and reassuring. "The great zone press. Do you know that after a while the second team could beat the press pretty regularly? That had a certain humbling effect. And Southern Cal—SC wasn't supposed to have a good coach, but they learned to split the press." He chuckles again, at the transparency of it all, at the folly of the flesh. "Anybody who got movies of our games with USC could have beaten the press."

From that championship, McIntosh has a set of tumblers, packed away somewhere, that were specially made up to celebrate the 30–0 season. His mother kept a scrapbook, and once in a blue moon he takes it out and skims it. "I can stand about 20 minutes," he says.

Goodrich played his 1,000th NBA game Jan. 13. He twisted his ankle and had to go out, but he was back in a couple of days for 1,001. In another time, when he and McIntosh were boys, they loved the same girl and learned something or other about victory.

I'm removed from California, and I certainly don't bring UCLA up, because it has no bearing on who I am now. I think I gained some self-control from being on a champion. That carries over. Once you've been in the public eye, you understand better that if you fail, you're going to make a bigger splash. And no doubt the experience gave me an immeasurable amount of confidence in myself. But winning? Let me tell you something. I never heard Coach Wooden mention it. The word 'win' never escaped his lips. Literally. He just asked us to play to our potential.

But winning had to have something to do with it, because if you played to your potential, if you won when you did, then you could see what would result, and you could carry that over into the situations of life. You must be careful with winning. Athletes are too often not given a chance to grow or to make mistakes, and that puts them in a very vulnerable position for the rest of their lives.

—DOUG MCINTOSH, *Backup Center* END


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 12-18

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—NORTH ALABAMA beat the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay 64–50 in Springfield, Mo to win the NCAA Division II title (*page 53*)

NORTH PARK COLLEGE of Chicago beat Potsdam (N Y) State 66–62 in Rock Island, Ill. to win the NCAA Division III championship for the second year in a row

DRURY COLLEGE of Springfield, Mo. defeated Henderson (Ark) State 60–54 in Kansas City to win the NAIA championship (*page 50*)

PRO BASKETBALL—After beating Pacific Division leader Seattle 113–111 in overtime for its ninth consecutive win, Atlanta dropped four in a row and relinquished second place in the Central Division to Houston The Rockets moved to within 2½ games of San Antonio by upending Midwest Division leader Kansas City 129–107, Chicago 124–118 and Phoenix 134–122. Against the Bulls, Moses Malone had 32 points and 22 rebounds and in the Phoenix game, he had 31 and 24 Earlier Paul Westphal poured in 43 points to lift the Suns to a 128–122 win over the Spurs, despite a 37-point performance from George Gervin. Westphal added 39 in a 126–117 defeat of Boston and 32 in a 124–120 victory over Cleveland, which got 41 points from Campy Russell. By winning three of four, Phoenix took over second in the Pacific Division from Los Angeles, which has lost five of its last six Led by Lloyd Free's 23 points, fourth-place San Diego knocked off Golden State 107–102 for its 12th win in its last 13 outings Washington, which enjoys a 10½-game lead in the Atlantic Division, dropped a 134–126 decision to Milwaukee in double overtime for its only loss in four starts. Two nights before, the Bucks set a team record for most points in a game in a 158–102 rout of New Orleans Detroit's Kevin Porter broke the league record for assists in the Pistons' 105–98 win over Indiana He finished the game with 20, which gave him 918 for the season, eight more than Nate Archibald had for the Kings in 1972-73.

BOWLING—MARK ROTH defeated Eddie Ressler Jr 246–197 to win an $80,000 PBA tournament in Overland Park, Kans.

FIGURE SKATING—VLADIMIR KOVALEV of the Soviet Union won the men's title at the World Championships in Vienna with a score of 185 80 Great Britain's Robin Cousins was second at 185 18 LINDA FRATIANNE of Los Angeles took the women's gold medal, defeating East Germany's Anett Poetzsch 186 62–184 36. TAI BABILONIA and RANDY GARDNER of Los Angeles became the first Americans in 29 years to win the pairs competition Their score of 144.54 was 2 32 points better than that of Marina Cherkasova and Sergei Shakhrai of the U S S R

GOLF—MARK McCUMBER shot a nine-under-par 279 to win the $250,000 Doral Open in Miami by one stroke over Bill Rogers

JoANNE CARNER shot a seven-under-par 281 to win a $150,000 LPGA tournament in San Diego by three strokes over Sandra Post and Pat Bradley

HOCKEY—NHL. In the most disgraceful donnybrook of the season, the Flyers and the Kings slugged it out on three different occasions during the first period of their game in Philadelphia Before the melee was over, 10 players had been ejected and the teams hed set 10 NHL single-game penalty records, including most penalties (54) and most penalty minutes (380) Los Angeles Defenseman Randy Holt tied the individual record for most penalties (nine) and broke the mark for penalty minutes (67) Following the game, which the Flyers won 6–3, Philadelphia shut out Smythe Division leader Chicago 4–0 The Black Hawks, who were 0–3 for the week, managed only 15 shots on goal. The Flyers also snapped Buffalo's three-game winning streak by a score of 5–3 and edged Atlanta 5–4, despite a hat trick from newly acquired Ivan Boldirev, who came to the Flames in an eight-player deal with Chicago Mike Bossy scored twice and Brian Trottier had a goal and two assists as the Islanders, who lead the Patrick Division by 16 points, skated to a 4–4 tie with Adams Division leader Boston Two nights later, Bossy, the league's top goal scorer with 58, had a hat trick, and Trottier, who leads the NHL in points with 116, added four assists in a 7–2 rout of the Bruins. Trottier had three more assists in a 5–2 victory over the Rangers and a hat trick in a 6–2 defeat of Toronto. Phil Esposito, who holds the league record for three-goals-or-more games with 31, scored four times to lift the Rangers to a 7–4 win over Boston. Led by Brad Park, whose four assists tied the league record for the most in one period, the Bruins beat Chicago 4–2 for their only victory Montreal, which has clinched the Norris Division title, was winless in three games

WHA. Led by Ron Chipperfield's two goals, Edmonton trounced second-place Quebec 6–1 to remain in first Earlier, the Nordiques had split a pair of games with Winnipeg, and the Oilers had dropped a 5–1 decision to Cincinnati and had handed Birmingham its first shutout on home ice Blair MacDonald scored twice, and Wayne Gretzky had three assists in the 4–0 victory

HORSE RACING—NOBLE DANCER ($9 80), Jacinto Vasquez up, won the $162,800 San Luis Rey Stakes for 4-year-olds and up at Santa Anita by 2½ lengths over Tiller The 7-year-old covered the 1½ miles in 2 34⅘.

POLE POSITION ($12 80), riddea by Sandy Hawley, won the $82,250 San Felipe Handicap for 3-year-olds at Santa Anita by a head over Switch Partners The winner was timed in a stakes-record 1·41⅘ for the 1⅛ miles. Favored Flying Paster finished third

MOTOR SPORTS—BUDDY BAKER, averaging 135 136 mph in an Oldsmobile, won the Atlanta 500 by six seconds over Bobby Allison in a Ford

SWIMMING—FLORIOA won the AIAW championship in Pittsburgh, defeating Arizona State 513–508

TENNIS—ROSCOE TANNER beat Brian Gottfried 6–4, 6–4 to win a $125,000 Grand Prix tournament in Washington, D C

The U S won the northern section of the American Zone in Davis Cup play with a 5–0 victory over Colombia in Cleveland.

DIANNE FROMHOLTZ defeated Sue Barker 6–2, 7–6 to win the $150,000 Avon Championships of Boston

MILEPOSTS—RESIGNED University of Pacific basketball Coach STAN MORRISON, 39, who had a seven-year record of 100–88 and this year guided the Tigers into the NCAA tournament Assistant Coach DICK FICHTNER, 39, was named as his replacement.

As basketball coach at Utah State, GORDON (Dutch) BELNAP, 46, who had a six-year record of 106–58 and took the Aggies to three postseason tournaments.

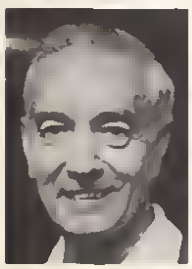
TRADED By the Atlanta Flames, Center TOM LYSIAK, 25, Left Wing HAROLD PHILLIPOFF, 22, and defensemen PAT RIBBLE, 24, GREG FOX, 25, and MILES ZAHARKO, 21, to the Chicago Black Hawks for Center IVAN BOLOIREV, 29, Defenseman PHIL RUSSELL, 26, and Left Wing DARCY ROTA, 26.

By the Colorado Rockies, Center PAUL GARDNER, 23, to the Toronto Maple Leafs for Defenseman TREVOR JOHANSEN, 21, and Center DON ASHBY, 24

CREDITS

14,15—Rich Clarkson **16**—Rich Clarkson **17,18**—Peter Read Miller **19**—James Drake **48**—courtesy Columbia Pictures **50**—Jim Richardson **53**—Hal Stoelzle **58**—Bill Eppridge **70,71**—John G Zimmerman **72**—Chris R Harris **73-76**—Peter Read Miller **80**—Jay Leviton-Atlanta **85**—Casson-Foster (1)

FACES IN THE CROWD



OON COLLINS
CHITTENANGO, N Y

Collins, a 47-year-old lane manager, broke the world record for a 32-game bowling match during a four-day doubles tournament in Baldwinsville, N.Y His 7,850 total was 144 pins better than the mark set by Jim Stefanich in 1967.



NANCY KILIK
GRAFTON, MASS.

Kilik, 20, a sophomore center on Boston University's women's ice hockey team, had 35 goals and 15 assists in 16 games this season. At the two-game Dartmouth Invitational tournament, won by BU, she scored 10 goals and had five assists.



TOM KRATKY
DARIEN, CONN

Tom, a 17-year-old senior gymnast at Darien High, paced the Blue Waves to their fourth consecutive state team championship, in Darien At the state individual meet in Suffield, he became the first gymnast to win all six events.



MARY OSTROWSKI
PARKERSBURG, W VA.

Mary, a 6′ 2″ junior who scored 24.6 a game for Parkersburg Catholic, was named West Virginia Women's Basketball Player of the Year for the second year in a row and led the Crusaderettes to their second consecutive state Class A title.



STEVE CARR
MOORHEAD, MINN

Steve, a 132-pound wrestler at Moorhead High with a 129-match winning streak, won his fourth straight state title As a freshman he won the 112-pound class, and in 1977 and '78 he took the 119- and 126-pound titles, respectively



FRANCINE MALINDZAK
GAYLORD, MICH

Malindzak, a freshman at Northern Michigan, edged Sara McNealus of Middlebury to win the individual Alpine combined title at the AIAW skiing championships in Marquette, Mich. She won the slalom and was third in the giant slalom

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MARIAN LEIFSEN'S SON

Sir

The article about the recruiting of high school basketball star Tom Leifsen (*A House Divided*, March 5) describes the pressures that success brings to bear upon young athletes However, young Leifsen is one of the more fortunate ones, having been offered the opportunity to attend a number of top-quality schools It appears that things have worked out well for him He is attending the University of Pennsylvania, one of the academic giants among our universities, and he is part of a basketball program that ranks among the best

JOHN T. MILLER
York, Pa

Sir

We have been trying to figure out why SI chose to publish the article written by Marian Leifsen about her son being recruited to play college basketball As far as we can see, the article serves no constructive purpose, except perhaps to show the additional problems that arise when a high school star has an overprotective mother Her attempt to jump on the bandwagon by criticizing recruiting practices fails because she really has nothing to criticize Her criticisms are of a coach's haircut, where he's from or how he talks up his program

DAVID AND CLAIRE BAILEY
Decatur, Ga

Sir

Several things struck me as being ironic after I read Marian Leifsen's article First, her undisguised enthusiasm for Ivy League schools and the top-notch education one gets from them seems rather odd when compared with her never-fully-explained dislike for Davidson, which has long been described (justifiably, in view of its academic reputation and grad-school-admittance record) as the Princeton of the South

Second, she was, by her own admission, "pushy, a stage mother, forcing on my son my own aspirations for the Great American Dream " Therefore, I cannot sympathize with her complaints about the high-pressure world of college recruiting Indeed, her thoughts and actions seem to be an excellent example of the pot calling the kettle black

JOE CRAIG
Paris

Sir

I can sympathize with Marian Leifsen because I know that family decisions can be difficult, especially for a well-intentioned mother who is receiving outside interference However, because she was so determined that her son attend a school in the North she lost her perspective.

I resent any insinuation that Davidson will stop short of nothing to enroll the athletes it needs That is absolutely false Davidson's athletes must first of all be students, and that is why they are so special The author stated that her son was "wined and dined" at Big Daddy's. Big Daddy's is a small-town, family-style seafood restaurant It is a nice place but hardly the type of restaurant one would choose for high-pressure recruiting

As for Eddie Biedenback, he is an outstanding coach and a fine gentleman

MARY LEE DOUGLAS
Winston-Salem, N C

Sir

When Philip Wylie coined the term "momism," he undoubtedly had someone very much like the author of your article in mind

JOE MCLEAN
Raleigh, N C

Sir.

The next time you include an article by Marian Leifsen, please preface it with the warning: "This article may be a soapbox for a disgruntled feminist "

ED LUKASZEWICZ
Westboro, Wis.

Sir.

Marian Leifsen's article showed an immense lack of appreciation for the interest shown by coaches and schools in her son. An offer of a free college education from some of the finest schools in the country, including Davidson, is not exactly peanuts

I have a son who was recruited by several schools and finally chose Georgia Tech (football) I am proud of this and appreciate the interest, time and efforts of the schools and coaches

W. BRAD GWINN
Orlando, Fla

Sir

The article on Tom Leifsen is one of the most interesting SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has printed. Marian Leifsen has given us a new perspective on the confusing world of college recruiting With your article, I hope you have made would-be superstars aware of the many snares that may entangle them

ED MORALES
Englewood, Colo

THE BRADLEY BROTHERS

Sir

I would like to identify for your readers the author of the poetic phrase "Bradley Steals, Peels and Deals to Wood" (*North Carolina Kicks Up Its Heels*, March 12) This description of North Carolina Forward Dudley Bradley's moves from the official play-by-play of the ACC tournament is the product of the talented Timothy (Bonel Bourret

Bourret is no stranger to SI's readers. He was quoted extensively in last year's article about Notre Dame's All-Campus Bookstore Basketball Tournament (*Look Out for the Manhole Cover*, May 15) A former commissioner of the bookstore tournament, Bourret is now the assistant sports information director at Clemson

DOMINICK FANUELE
Tallmadge, Ohio

Sir

We out here in the high country were a bit disappointed that in the Bradley story you failed to mention Dudley's brother, Charles (Tub) Bradley, who led the University of Wyoming to a winning basketball season in the tough Western Athletic Conference Charles, a sophomore and, like his brother, a demon on defense, was the Cowboys' leading scorer and was named All-Conference An incredible leaper, Charles became known throughout the league for his twisting, driving slam dunks and finger rolls, which normally started with his becoming airborne somewhere in the general vicinity of the top of the key and sailing over, around and sometimes through defenders

COLONEL LEROY D HAMMOND, USA
Professor of Military Science
University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyo

MAD DOG'S GIRLS

Sir.

As a high school girls' basketball coach, I thoroughly enjoyed Nancy Williamson's article on Mount St Mary's Coach Fred (Mad Dog) Carter (*Carter's Little Thrills*, March 5) Having coached both boys and girls, I could not agree more with Carter in regard to the interest and tenacity of girls They are a real joy to coach.

However, one point that perhaps should have been made is that while girls may be lacking in skills, at least they don't pass and dribble the clock away Because women's rules include a 30-second clock, there is no four-corner offense in girls' basketball. Maybe it's about time the boys caught on, because when the girls' skills reach the level predicted by Carter, the girls' game is where the spectators are going to be

JIM MORTENSEN
Girls' Varsity Basketball Coach
Oxford Academy & Central School
Oxford, N.Y.

Sir

Nancy Williamson brought back exciting

continued



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memories for me when she mentioned Mount St. Mary's men's basketball coach Jim Phelan. At La Salle College in the years 1949-51, he thrilled many a Philadelphia basketball crowd with his superb skills. And he was an assistant coach under Ken Loeffler when La Salle won the NCAA championship in 1954.

Could Lynne Phelan, now playing for Mount St. Mary's under Carter, be Jim's daughter?

JOHN R. JONES
Elmira, Ontario

• Yes, she is.—ED

LUGERS

Sir:

As an active luger, and president of a national luge club, I would like to thank William Oscar Johnson for detailing the current plight of U.S. lugers (*A Run for the Money*, March 5).

Most times, our biggest problem is not sliding our sleds but dealing with the anti-athlete administration that professes to run our sport.

The final insult came during the week following the world test race at Lake Placid, N.Y., when the two big winners, the East Germans and the Soviets, were allowed to train on the Olympic luge run, while only three U.S. lugers were able to stay on at their own expense and secure the necessary insurance to be able to train with them.

Our leaders? They had all gone home immediately after the race, wondering why we always do so poorly.

ROBERT M. HUGHES
President
American Rodelers Association
Pearl River, N.Y.

Sir:

"Some Win and Some Luge," a phrase coined by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED before the 1976 Winter Olympics, once again applies. Our lugers continue to work hard, and thus have more expertise than before, but they are getting little or no assistance from U.S. sports officials or administrators. One could easily conclude that foreign nations must be running our efforts. We are giving away any chances we have for medals, not just for 1980 but for two or three Olympics to come.

KINSLEY F. NYCE
Columbus, Ohio

WILLIAM AND MARY'S PROBLEM

Sir:

SI earns an A for its recognition of the controversy over major athletics vs. academics on the William and Mary campus (SCORECARD, March 5). Many of us in Williamsburg have been trying for some time to find the answer to the question. For whose benefit is college football being played? If most of the students and faculty and a large segment of the local community reject the idea of an enlarged football stadium, then who is the intended beneficiary of stadium expansion? The Board of Visitors of the college has made its decision to expand the stadium largely on projections of increased revenues and more attractive home games. I doubt that there are many successful businesses that base significant decisions on such limited, and potentially biased, input. (Incidentally, William and Mary's faculty are certainly concerned about their salaries, however, they are not naive enough to assume that the money for the stadium expansion would end up in their pockets if the plan were scrapped.)

Granted, academic excellence and successful athletic programs need not be mutually exclusive. However, once the commitment to big-time athletics is made, the pressure is on. For institutions the size of William and Mary (approximately 4,500 undergraduates), you cannot have it both ways. Sooner or later revisions in academic requirements or admissions standards will be proposed to protect the athletic commitment. Stanford and Michigan are excellent institutions, but hardly a fair comparison in this case.

LAWRENCE S. BECKHOUSE
Faculty Representative for Athletics
College of William and Mary
Williamsburg, Va.

Sir:

Let's see now. Three thousand of William and Mary's 4,500 students stood up for academics vs. athletics by boycotting a day's classes? Hmmm.

R. FREDERICK CHURCH
Johnstown, Pa.

TAKE YOUR PICK

Sir:

In SCORECARD (March 5), you said, "In Philip Roth's 1959 novel *Goodbye, Columbus*, Ron Patimkin splashed up to his sister Brenda in a swimming pool and said excitedly, 'The Yankees took two.'" As a fervent fan of the Boston Red Sox, let me assure you that Patimkin's comment was that the Red Sox had won both ends of a doubleheader, not the Yankees. Being a Boston fan and living in New York is difficult enough. Please don't add to last season's frustrations.

ALAN S. ROSEN
Woodmere, N.Y.

• Sorry, but in his book, Roth did have the Yankees winning the doubleheader, as SI reported. However, Roth did not write the screenplay for the movie *Goodbye, Columbus*, which was released a decade later and which reader Rosen may have seen. Arnold Schulman wrote it, and he had Patimkin exclaim that the *Red Sox* had won. The reason, says Schulman, is that at the time he was updating the story (1968) the Red Sox, with Carl Yastrzemski, seemed to be the team most comparable to the Joe DiMaggio-led Yankees of Roth's book.—ED

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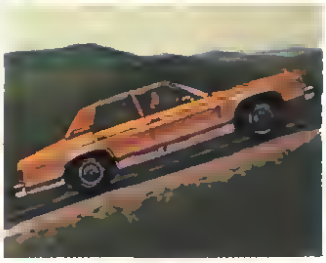
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